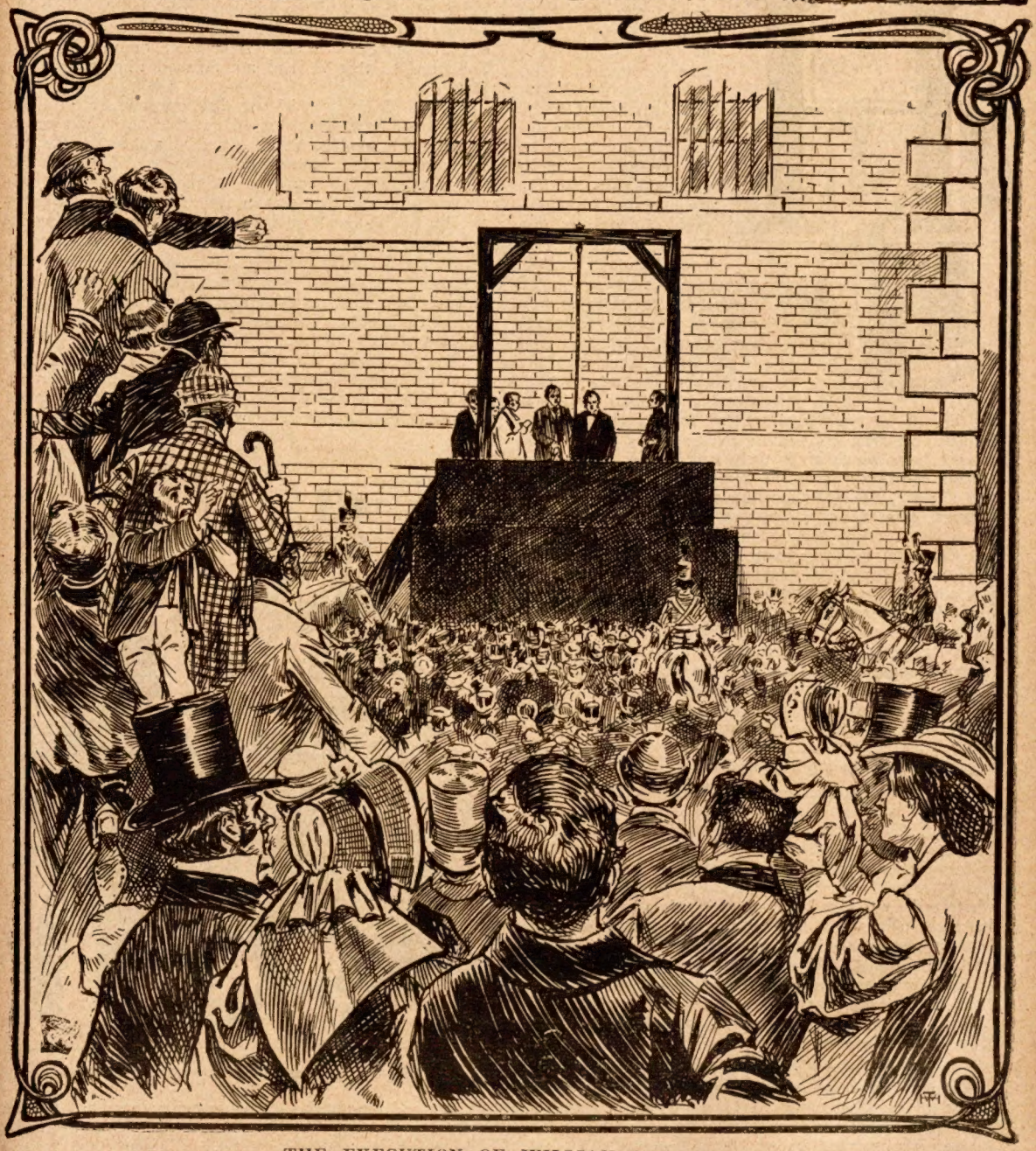
POLICE · BUDGET · EDITION

EDITED · BY HAROLD FURNISS

FAMOUS CRIMES

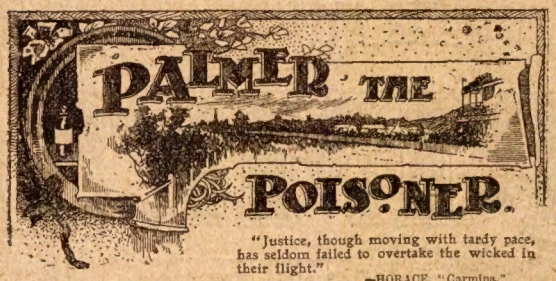
PAST AND PRESENT

ONE · PENNY



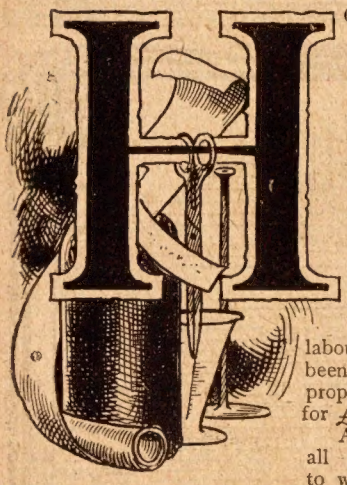
THE EXECUTION OF WILLIAM PALMER.

Vol. II.—No. 21.



"Justice, though moving with tardy pace, has seldom failed to overtake the wicked in their flight."
—HORACE, "Carmina."

PART III.



HOW Palmer had compassed the deaths of several victims, some of whom he had heavily insured, has already been told. Our last instalment ended at the point when detectives employed by the Midland Insurance Company went to Rugeley for the purpose of inquiring into the status of a man named Bates, a farm labourer, whose name had been submitted to them on a proposal form for insurance for £10,000.

As might be expected, all other insurance offices to which Palmer suggested the life of George Bates refused to entertain it for a moment, for there is a sort of freemasonry among the insurance firms which binds them together for mutual protection, and by this time the doings of Palmer were pretty well known. He was then forced to have recourse again to Pratt, from whom he had got clear at the time of his wife's death. His connection with this arch-sharper, to whose baleful influence many of Palmer's ghastly crimes were undoubtedly due, extended over barely two years and a-half. Pratt professed to be a lawyer and to know nothing of usury, but the man who could tell him anything of the prospects and resources of any likely borrower did not exist. His rate of interest for merely temporary accommodation was sixty per cent., paid monthly, and the interest on a few small loans which Palmer took up during a single period of seven months was upwards of six thousand pounds per annum! Bills he also discounted at 60 per cent., so that he may be said to have been well paid for any risk he took.

The most disgraceful part of Pratt's proceedings, and one which would in the present day have had him struck off the Rolls without the chance of an appeal, was that he knew that the bills on Palmer's mother were not drawn with even her knowledge, but were actually forgeries, and this Pratt held over Palmer's head to compel him to pay whatever he was asked. Eventually, when he saw that the insurance offices were fighting shy of proposals emanating from Palmer, he sued both mother and son on bills which he held of theirs. Palmer, however managed to pay part of the money, and thus staved off the ruin for some short time, but Nemesis was fast overtaking him, and, if Justice had not claimed him as her own, there is no doubt that Palmer would have ended his days in the workhouse, even if he did not take his own life.

Among the many sporting characters whom Palmer met when on his racing expeditions he rarely found any who would condescend to be friendly with him. One of the few who trusted him was John Parsons Cook, a well-known betting man. Cook had run through a moderate fortune on the Turf, but could not give up his pastime, and lived in the hope that one day or other the Turf would restore to him his money, with interest. He and Palmer soon became intimate, and when they went racing together shared the same room.

On November 13 Cook and Palmer went to Shrewsbury races, where the former had a horse called Polestar running for the Shrewsbury Handicap. Fortune seemed to be with Cook that day; his horse won and the bets he made on other races were safe. He was much elated at his success, and to commemorate the turn in his affairs gave a dinner at the Raven Hotel. The next day he was on the course, as usual.

On the evening of the 14th a lady, who was accustomed to arrange the jockeys' mounts for them, called on Palmer at the hotel to speak to him about finding a rider for his horse, which was to run the next day, and saw him abstract Cook's glass and pour some liquid into it. Later on he asked Cook to have some more brandy-and-water. Cook replied that he had not finished what was in his glass.

"Well, drink it up!" was Palmer's comment. Cook did so, and immediately cried out that there was something in the tumbler which burned his throat. He left the room, and in a moment or two was seized with violent fits of retching and cramp. A medical man who was present proposed that certain medicines should be given to him, but Palmer would not hear of them, insisting instead that a purgative draught should be administered.

On the following morning Cook was much better, and breakfasted with Palmer as usual, although he was perfectly certain that an attempt had been made to poison him on the previous evening, and had said as much to Mr. Herring, a friend of his.

That afternoon, Thursday, November 15, Palmer and Cook returned to Rugeley, and Palmer engaged a room for his friend at the Talbot Arms Hotel, exactly opposite his own little house. On Friday Cook dined with

There was something in the glass which burnt his throat.

Palmer and returned to his house perfectly sober. On the following morning he felt qualmish and uncomfortable, and could not retain his food. Palmer came in and arranged that he should have some broth sent to him from his own house. When the broth had been warmed

Palmer took it away for several minutes, and then returned with it in a basin and gave it to an attendant to carry across to the Talbot Arms.

Throughout the whole of that day Palmer was in and out of Cook's bedroom, ministering to him in various ways. It was noticed that whatever food or medicine Palmer gave the sick man vomiting invariably followed; accordingly it was suggested that another doctor should be called in. To this Palmer readily assented, and fetched his old friend, Dr. Bamford, who, it will be remembered, was 82 years of age, and was very deaf. On Sunday there was no marked improvement, and Palmer sent round some more broth from his house for the invalid. This time the servant tasted the broth, and was immediately taken violently ill, and had to go to bed.

PALMER'S HOUSE.

On Monday morning Cook was able to get out of bed and lie on a sofa for some time, and Palmer set off for London to get Cook's racing accounts settled. For that purpose he went to see Mr. Herring, the gentleman to whom Cook had mentioned his suspicions regarding the brandy episode. Herring held three £200 bills of exchange, one drawn by Cook and accepted by Palmer, and the other two drawn by Palmer and accepted by Cook. One of these had been settled at Shrewsbury, and the others were now paid and cancelled. In all Palmer had £1,020 to draw for Cook, but of this £110 was disputed. Being short of that amount, Palmer was unable to settle with a certain Mr. Padwick, to whom he was indebted, but he managed to pay Pratt £450. He then returned to Rugeley, reaching the little town at ten o'clock at night. Late as it was, he went to call on Mr. Newton, assistant to Mr. Salt, from whom he purchased three grains of strychnine.

On this same night he gave Cook two pills which had an alarming effect. The patient screamed wildly, rolled his eyes about, and beat the bedclothes with his hands, while his body was strongly convulsed. Palmer was sent for again in great haste, and gave Cook two more pills and a draught that was obviously opium. After this Cook fell asleep, and was a little better next morning. Dr. Bamford was again called in, and retired with Palmer to make up the necessary medicines. After doing so, Palmer surprised the old gentleman by requesting him to write on the bottles and packages the directions for administering the drugs. This was a most unusual thing to do when the medicines were to be administered by a medical man; however, he did write the direction: "Pills to be taken at bedtime."

Three-quarters of an hour elapsed between the time Dr. Bamford left and the time Palmer arrived in Cook's bedroom with the medicines. When he did enter the room he ostentatiously opened the pill-box and gave Cook the pills, but, before doing so he pointed out the writing on the box to Mr. Jones, of Lutterworth, a friend of Cook's, who had come to see him in response to a letter from Palmer. Vomiting ensued immediately after the pills had been administered, but the pills were not rejected. Then Palmer left for the night, and Jones remained in the sick-room, snatching rest when he was able to.

THE "TALBOT ARMS HOTEL" AT RUGELEY.

Shortly after midnight Cook called to Jones and begged him to send at once for Palmer. He did so, and the doctor appeared in less than three minutes, remarking that he had never dressed so quickly before. He brought with him two more pills, which he said were ammonia pills. In making that statement Palmer was in error, for no medical man would keep ammonia pills ready made up, because they would lose all their virtue by evaporation.

The pills were administered, and then Cook became strongly convulsed. His back was bent like a bow, until he appeared to rest on his head and heels alone. Then he would be contorted in another direction. The scene was hideous, but Palmer stood there calmly gloating over his work. In about half an hour Cook was dead!

The instant that the breath was out of his victim's body Palmer set to work to possess himself of all the effects on which he could lay his hands. We have seen how he managed to divert the winnings at Shrewsbury to his own use, with the exception of the Handicap Stakes, which he could not touch, as they were not payable till a week after the race. To get hold of this money, he now wrote to the secretary of the Jockey Club, enclosing a cheque purporting to be signed by Cook for £350 on account of the Stakes. He also wrote to Pratt warning him not to answer any questions as to what money he had had from Cook.

There was another suspicious circumstance connected with the death of Cook which did not escape notice: when the women came to lay out the body of the dead sportsman they found Palmer engaged in rifling the pockets

FOUND PALMER ENGAGED RIFLING THE POCKETS OF HIS FRIEND.

of his friend, hunting for letters or other papers. On the following day Palmer was also caught rummaging among Cook's effects, but he pleaded that he was only looking for a paper-knife which he had mislaid.

But for one unfortunate miscalculation, Palmer might have died in his bed as any other man; he always believed that Cook was destitute of relations, and was greatly upset when he heard that some of his friend's relatives were coming down to attend the funeral. Among these relations was a step-father of Cook's, who seemed anxious about his relative's affairs, and questioned Palmer concerning them. Palmer, with his usual effrontery, assured Mr. Stephens that he held a paper signed by Cook acknowledging debts to the amount of £4,000, and charging the money on his estate.

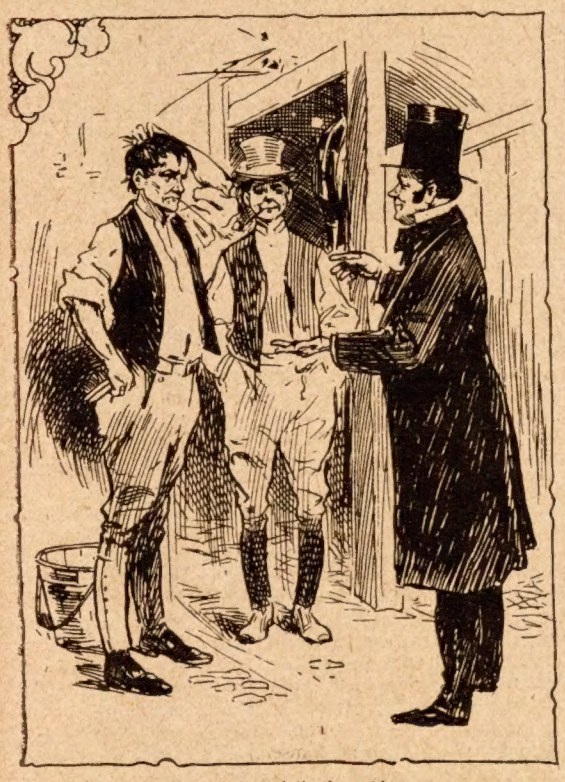
Having never heard that Cook was possessed of any property at all, Mr. Stephens asked to have all Cook's effects, to enable him to administer as next-of-kin, and when a search was made no one could find the dead man's betting-book, which was supposed to contain an account of his transactions with Palmer. The latter said that the absence of the book was of small moment since all bets were void through the death of the layer. This did not satisfy Mr. Stephens, who at once insisted on having all his step-son's goods sealed up, pending the funeral. Then he went off to London and obtained an introduction to a respectable firm of solicitors in Rugeley, to whom he communicated his suspicions that all was not as it should be. Of course he was told of the grave rumours which had been spread about concerning Palmer's friends and their sudden deaths, and at once decided to insist on a post-mortem examination being made.

As might be expected, Palmer was very averse to this, but he could not get out of it. He pretended to concur in the advisability of this course, and asked who were to be entrusted with the examination, suggesting at the same time that he should be present. This Mr. Stephens refused to allow, and told him that he proposed having a solicitor to inquire into the state of Cook's affairs. Palmer readily proposed to find a suitable man, and seemed far from pleased when his offer was declined. He then went off to Dr. Bamford and asked him for a certificate of death. "Why," said the aged doctor, "Cook was your patient. You should give the certificate." "No," was Palmer's rejoinder; "I would much prefer that you did so." So between them they decided that Cook died from apoplexy, and made out a certificate to that effect.

On the same day Palmer sent for Cheshire, the postmaster of Rugeley, and, showing him a paper which was signed in Cook's signature, asked him to attest the signature. When Cheshire saw that the document was an acknowledgment for bills to the extent of £4,000, he refused to attest it, so Palmer remarked carelessly that

really it did not matter, but that he thought it would look more regular if it was attested.

Later that evening Palmer wrote a note to Mr. Newton,



Palmer tries to bribe the post-boys.

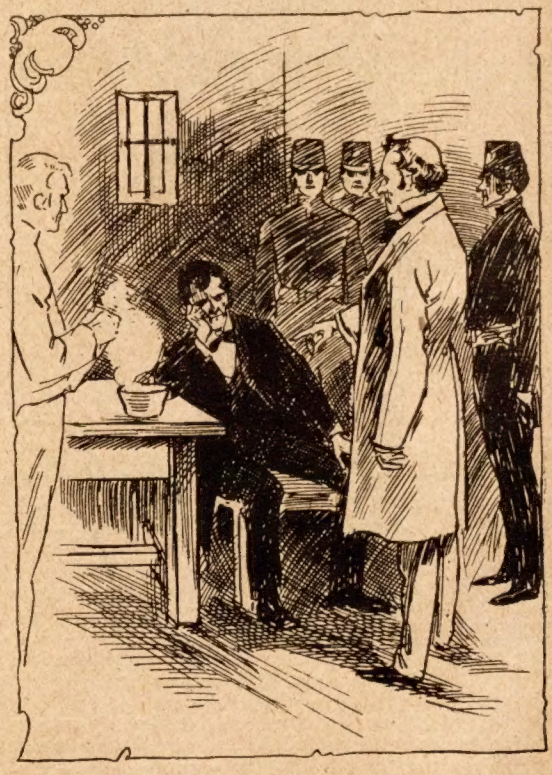
from whom he had purchased the strychnia, asking him to come round and see him as he was not feeling very well. Newton came, and could discover nothing the matter with his patient, who evinced a strong desire to talk, but had no symptoms of disease. In the course of conversation Palmer inquired how much strychnia would be required to kill a dog, and also wanted to know what the post-mortem appearances of a case of poisoning by the alkaloid would be. On hearing that it would be very difficult to detect he seemed much relieved, and remarked, as if to himself: "That's all right!"

While talking with Newton he learned that the latter gentleman was to be present at the post-mortem on the following day, and asked his medical friend to take him with him. To this Newton agreed, as he did not know of Mr. Stephen's objection, and arranged to call for Palmer in the morning. The two went to the necropsy together, and before it was commenced Palmer persuaded Newton to drink two glasses of neat brandy. Then the gruesome work began.

As is usual in cases of strychnia poisoning the intestines and stomach presented a healthy appearance, and Palmer felt so safe that he remarked to Dr. Bamford: "Doctor, they won't hang us yet!" The unfortunate man was not aware that since the time when he had been studying medicine chemical tests for strychnine had been discovered, and its detection very much simplified. However, it seems that he was rather disconcerted when he learnt that the viscera were to be sent to Dr. Taylor, the analyst to the Home Office, for examination, and attempted to upset the medical man who was engaged in placing them in a jar. This he failed to do, so made an attempt to steal the jar, and was again frustrated. Next he got acquainted with the post-boys who were to drive Mr. Stephens, who was going in charge of the jars to London, and offered them ten pounds if they would upset him and see that the jar was broken. The post-boys proved incorruptible, and, having failed in an effort to follow the coach himself, with a view to getting possession of the tell-tale vessels, he had to trust to luck.

While Dr. Taylor was engaged in making his analysis the coroner of Stafford held an inquiry into the death of Cook, and, after formal evidence of death, adjourned the inquest till the result of the examination was known. That Palmer realised the position which he was in there can be no doubt, for he was most anxious to have early information of the result of the analysis, either with a view to making his escape or to give him time to forestall his fate with his own hand. To enable him to do this he bribed Cheshire, the Rugeley postmaster, to open all letters addressed to the firm of solicitors who were employed by Mr. Stephens.

On the morning of December 2 Cheshire told him that a letter from the great London analyst had arrived, and that Dr. Taylor stated that he had found no poison in the body. "I knew they would not!" exclaimed Palmer. "I am as innocent as a baby!" Nevertheless, he seemed much relieved, and was only anxious to get the inquest finished as quickly as possible. So he wrote to the coroner, W. W. Ward, Esq., requesting him to finish his inquiry, adding that he had seen "in black and white" a statement from Dr. Taylor saying that no poison had been found. "I should like a verdict of death from natural causes, and thus end the matter," was the last passage in his letter, which he accompanied by a pheasant and a hare as a little douceur for the coroner. This was delivered by "George Bate, Esq.," who seems to have been largely mixed up in the last few passages in Palmer's career of crime, though unwittingly so.



The Governor threatens the stomach pump.

The day before the adjourned inquest met Palmer again got a fit of nervousness, and, wishing to make sure that Ward would instruct the jury to find the verdict he was so anxious to have pronounced, again made the

criminal's common mistake of "overdoing it," and despatched Bate to Stafford with a bribe of £5 for the coroner.

Palmer did not attend the inquest, as he was indisposed and could not leave his bed. The witnesses described the symptoms of Cook's malady, and the medical men who performed the post-mortem declared that death was due to tetanus. Then Dr. Taylor was called and without the slightest hesitation proved that the tetanus was due to poisoning by strychnine, a quantity of which Palmer had purchased on the day prior to Cook's death. Whether the great medical jurist had suspected that his letters were being tampered with and had knowingly made the misstatement in the letter which Cheshire opened, or whether the latter was afraid to open the letters and simply told Palmer that no poison had been found, has never been discovered.

The only authentic portrait of Palmer.

A verdict of "Wilful murder" was at once returned against William Palmer, and the sporting surgeon committed for trial on the warrant of William Webb Ward, Esq., the recipient of the game and the £5 note. Owing to his illness he could not be moved from his house to the county prison for several days, but he was carefully guarded and every precaution taken to prevent him from eluding his fate.

During the interval which elapsed between the committal and the trial other cases were brought to light, and, among others, it was stated that he had killed his illegitimate son, the child of Eliza Tharm, only a day or two before Cook was done to death. With the strictest secrecy the bodies of several of his victims were exhumed and submitted for examination, though the proceeding, if it had been known, would have excited as much rancour against the doctors as against the murderer. It was clearly proved that Bladon and Anne Palmer, the felon's wife, were poisoned by strychnine and antimony respectively, and that Walter Palmer died from the effects of prussic acid. Inquests on these persons were held and verdicts of "Wilful murder" returned in every case. A further examination of Cook's corpse was made to prove that he could not possibly have had tetanus from any natural cause, and the result of the second post-mortem was most conclusive.

While this was going on Palmer was giving a good deal of trouble in prison. His clothes had been taken away from him as soon as he was committed for trial lest he should have secreted any poison about them. At first Palmer flatly refused to put on the prison suit which had been made for him, thereby establishing a precedent which not so long ago an Irish member of Parliament imitated. As the law could not compel an unconvicted prisoner to wear prison garb, Palmer stayed in bed while his clothes were picked to pieces and remade.

Deprived of his poison, Palmer attempted to cheat the gallows by starving himself, and for six days refused to touch food at all. This alarmed the governor of the gaol, who at last entered Palmer's cell, carrying with him a stomach pump and some soup, and accompanied by several strong warders. Then he issued an ultimatum: if the soup was not finished in five minutes the stomach pump would be brought into requisition. Palmer finished the soup and abandoned starvation.

One little glimpse of the outside world did Palmer get between his committal and his trial; he was summoned to Westminster as a witness in a case in which a man named Padwick sought to recover a large sum of money from Palmer's mother on a bill which bore the defendant's acceptance, and which was drawn by Palmer himself. Without the least hesitation, Palmer declared that the signature of Sarah Palmer was a forgery, and when asked how he knew that it was not genuine, coolly said that his own wife had forged the acceptance under his directions.

Public feeling was very strong against Palmer in Staffordshire, so, in the interests of justice, the venue of the trial was changed from Stafford to the Central Criminal Court. Huge interest was taken in the case, the court being besieged daily by large crowds desirous of catching sight of the notorious prisoner.

The facts adduced in evidence were exactly those which our readers have just read, and, accordingly, it would be a waste of time and space to repeat them, suffice it to say that the only real defence was that Cook died from the result of excessive drinking, which had produced tetanus, and not from poison by strychnine; but the expert evidence on behalf of the Crown was too strong, and, after a trial of twelve days, Palmer was condemned to death by Lord Campbell, before whom he was tried.

Immediately on being sentenced Palmer was hurried down to the cells at Newgate, but not before he was able to remark to his counsel: "It was the riding as done it!" Once in the cells, all his clothes were taken away, a fresh suit which had been made for him being substituted, lest

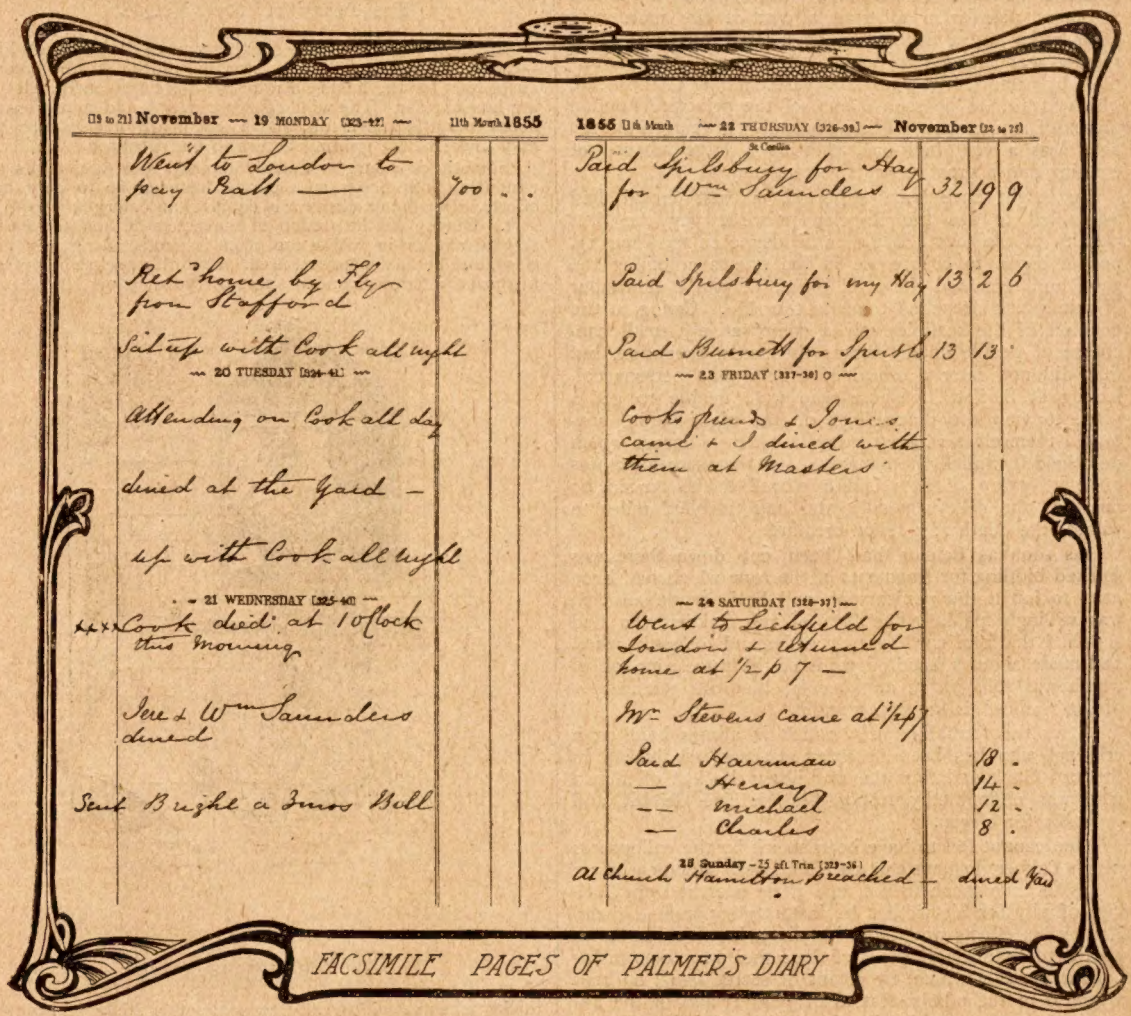
even while standing his trial he might have obtained poison. The very evening of his condemnation, May 27, 1856, the convict was removed to his old quarters at Stafford, where he was to be executed.

From the time of his condemnation Palmer preserved a stolid demeanour, and resolutely refused to confess his guilt. Only once did he show any real feeling, and that was when his sister came to see him to say farewell. He certainly appeared a little touched by the present of a Bible from Serjeant Shee, who had defended him, which he received on June 10, and which he left to his family; but the ministrations of the prison chaplain and of his Smith, Palmer's lawyer, was saying good-bye for the last time, Palmer handed the latter a book entitled "The Sinner's Friend" as a keepsake. He then lay down to rest for an hour or so and slept well.

Between five and six on the morning of June 14 Palmer breakfasted, and then prepared for his appearance on the scaffold. A few minutes before eight the High Sheriff and other officials entered his cell, and Palmer was asked for the last time whether he had anything to say.

"No," he replied. "I deny the justice of my sentence. I am a murdered man."

Then the melancholy procession started for the press-



FACSIMILE PAGES OF PALMER'S DIARY

brother, the Rev. Thomas Palmer, had no effect on him at all, and every attempt to bring him to a fitting state of mind to meet his doom failed.

On the evening of June 13 Palmer sent for the governor of the gaol, Major Fulford, and said that he had something to communicate. The governor hurried to the condemned cell, but all that Palmer had to say was that he was grateful for all the kindness which had been shown him and—that Cook did not die from strychnine. The governor entreated the wretched man not to quibble about the means which were used to kill Cook, but to tell them whether he had killed him, but Palmer evaded the question and replied: "Lord Campbell summed up for strychnine poisoning, and Cook was not poisoned with strychnine. I have nothing more to add."

Just as the governor was about to retire, and Mr. room, where Smith, of Dudley, the Stafford hangman, was waiting. Here Palmer was pinioned and submitted to the final preparations as unconcernedly as if he was dressing for dinner.

The prison bell began to toll, and preceded by warders and by the chaplain, Palmer walked to the door of the prison, in front of which the fatal tree was erected, listening as he went to the opening words of his own burial service: "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

A deafening roar of execration greeted the unhappy man when he stepped out of the gaol, and he appeared to be anxious to hasten matters as much as possible. With a jaunty step he ran up the steps of the gallows and took his place beneath the beam. After a brief prayer with the chaplain, Palmer turned to the hangman, the rope was placed round his neck, and the dreadful white cap

drawn over his face. Palmer next shook hands with the executioner, and whispered, "God bless you!"—his last words on earth.

There was a moment's suspense, while the crowd waited with bated breath, then at last the drop fell. A convulsive quiver of the limbs, one little twitch of the manacled hands, and all was over. Palmer had joined his victims.

After the body had hung for an hour it was cut down by the hangman and placed in a plain deal shell, in which it was carried into the prison. A good deal of attention was at that time being paid to phrenology, and strenuous efforts had been made to obtain from the Home Secretary permission to have a cast of the murderer's head taken and a delineation deducted therefrom. This request was acceded to, and a phrenologist from Liverpool, by name Bridges, made a plaster model of the head, which is now to be seen in one of the principal London places of amusement. Phrenologically speaking, Palmer's head was a very bad one, showing a large amount of cunning and a great destructive tendency.

As might have been expected, a vast crowd had assembled to see the Rugeley poisoner pay the last penalty of the law. Early on Friday evening, June 13, people began to congregate in the streets adjoining the gaol, and remained there all night, despite a downpour of rain which drenched them to the skin. Owing to the position of the scaffold only a comparatively small concourse of people could witness the actual execution, but that did not deter a crowd of over 25,000 persons collecting at Stafford. Those who were unable to get a place to view the proceedings on the night before contented themselves with attending a series of levees which were held by Smith, the hangman, and the executioner was quite a person of note and appeared to be envied by many of the callous people who had travelled miles to witness the death of a fellow-creature.

As soon as Palmer had been cut down there was spirited bidding for fragments of the rope which had been used to inflict the punishment, and half-a-crown an inch was willingly paid. The firm of ropemakers who had supplied the fatal cord foresaw a demand for such relics, and made about a hundred yards of the same rope, all of which was sold within an hour, so that the genuineness of the "relics" is far from certain.

After the formal inquest, which is always held on a criminal who has been executed, Palmer was buried in Stafford Gaol, and thus the world saw the last of a man who was undoubtedly responsible for five deaths, and probably for eleven.

One cannot fail to have been struck by the callousness which Palmer displayed in all his crimes. Remorse never seems to have touched him, and if he ever had any feelings of pity for his victims he instantly suppressed them. Among his effects was found his diary, in which he notes with exactitude the progress of the lethal symptoms in his patients, and in which, by means of secret signs, he kept a record of the administration of poisons and of the advance of the death which he was working to bring about.

There is one lesson to be learned from the career of the Rugeley poisoner. However skilled a man may be in the science of murder the criminal nature always leads the secret slayer to make some slight mistake which is fatal, some miscalculation which eventually ties the hangman's knot. In other words, Palmer's life and death is but an exemplification of the truth of the adage of our forefathers—"Murder will out."

A YOUNG lawyer, who had long paid court to a lady without much advancing his suit, accused her one day of being insensible to the power of love. "It does not follow," she archly replied, "that I am so because I am not to be won by the power of attorney." "Forgive me," replied the suitor; "but you should remember that all the votaries of Cupid are solicitors."

THE WAYS OF THE CRIMINAL

VII.—MORE ABOUT BURGLARS.

The Story of the Wedge.

And now we come to the exciting part of the burglar's life—the "crib-cracking." A stormy night is the most auspicious for the lawless ruffian who preys upon the sleeping householder. The wind causes windows and shutters and doors to rattle and creak, and so cover any noise which he may make whilst gaining access to the premises.

Sometimes a burglar finds it impossible to force doors or windows, both being so securely fastened as to defy his efforts. But the cracksman is equal to an emergency of this sort. During his inspection of the house he has noted the secure manner in which the place is protected against his class, and he has come prepared. From his pocket he draws a glazier's diamond and a sheet of brown paper, the latter

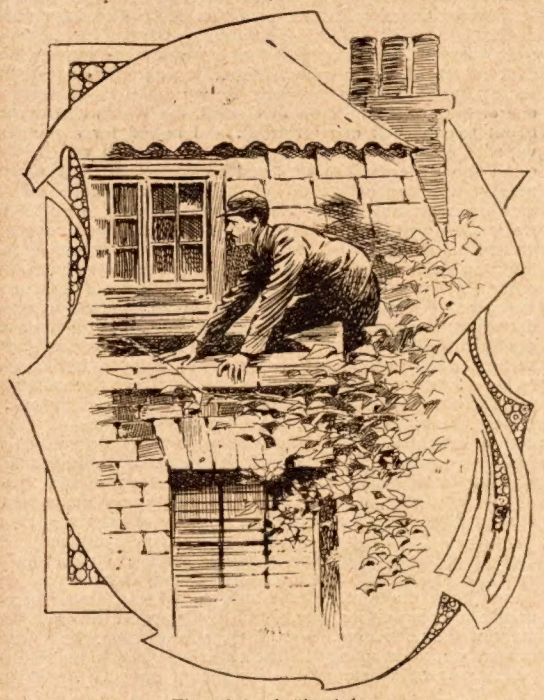
The treacle paper.

thickly smeared with treacle, or some other sticky substance. He reaches the window he has already marked down, presses the paper on to the glass, leaving the corners turned outwards, and then runs the diamond round the glass an inch or so from the edge of the paper. A smart pull or push, and a big square of the window is removed, the glass adhering to the paper. Thus the noise of a smash is deadened. Into the hole the burglar gently insinuates himself, and then all is plain sailing.

Perhaps, however, he may have chosen another, and tolerably safe, method of getting inside the house. A tree growing close to a house is, for instance, very often of great assistance to a burglar. He climbs it until he reaches an upper window, probably an attic, and going into the room, silently works his way downstairs. This has been a favourite method with many well-known burglars, and for two reasons—a tree affords protection from observation, and it enables him sometimes to reach the roof, the skylights in which are very generally left unfastened. Access to the house is thus rendered easy.

Having got inside, the burglar's next task is to find the

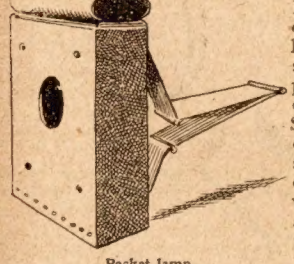
valuables. A light is, of course, necessary. Dark lanterns have been carried by some thieves, others depend upon silent matches, whilst the up-to-date criminal carries a portable electric lamp. Charles Peace, one of the cleverest burglars



The unfastened attic window.

the police have ever known, invented a most ingenious lantern. It was manufactured by Peace from a metal match-box. As will be seen from the illustration, the handle is made in several sections, and folds up flat against the back of the lamp. As a matter of fact, the whole concern can be carried in the waistcoat pocket without any difficulty. Knowing that the ordinary dark lantern, because it gave too much light, was as useful to the policeman as to the burglar, Peace made his lantern so that it would only throw a small ray of light exactly upon the spot where he particularly required light. Instead of a bull's-eye, Peace's lantern, which is now in the "Black" Museum at Scotland Yard, possesses only a tiny aperture for the light to escape, and the tip of his finger served to screen off the glimmer if any danger threatened.

Two other very important implements in the burglar's kit are a wedge and a gimlet, shown in the illustration. They have saved many a burglar from capture, and they took one dangerous gang to penal servitude.

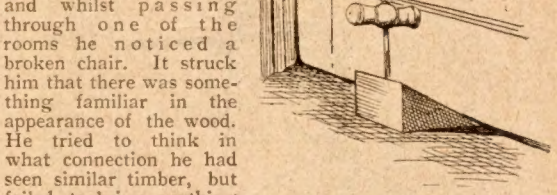


Pocket lamp.

The wedge is a very innocent-looking piece of wood. It might have served any one of a hundred perfectly honest purposes, but if you saw it, as did the writer, peacefully reposing in one of the grimmest cases in Scotland Yard's grim museum of crime, you would at once suspect its innocence. It is one of a number of similar wedges, it has polished sides, and is a piece of very good mahogany. The police treasure it as a relic of one of the most daring and accomplished series of burglaries that ever came under their notice, and also as the clue which brought to justice a desperate and dangerous gang.

The burglaries occurred on the outskirts of London, and in rapid succession four or five big mansions were burglariously entered and stripped of their valuable contents.

The police were for the time being at their wits' end. They knew that an expert gang were at work, and it was a considerable time before an arrest was made. The burglars were extremely careful. Their plans were exceedingly well laid, and they left no apparent clue behind them. In three instances, however, the police found small, neatly-cut wedges firmly inserted under the doors of the rooms from which the burglars had made their chief hauls. The wedge, which was screwed to the floor by a gimlet, prevented the door from being opened from the outside, and thus, if anyone heard the thieves at work and came to investigate, the robbers would have plenty of time to escape by the window. As wedges form an important part of every burglar's kit, the police thought nothing of the clue until one day when one of the detectives who had been engaged in investigating the burglaries, made a remarkable discovery. He was visiting a lodging-house in Seven Dials for the purpose of inquiring into a watch robbery, and whilst passing through one of the rooms he noticed a broken chair. It struck him that there was something familiar in the appearance of the wood. He tried to think in what connection he had seen similar timber, but failed to bring anything to mind. However, he made a note of the chair for future reference, and went about his business. The incident was almost forgotten by the officer, when news came that another daring burglary had been committed, this time on the northern heights of London. The detective, amongst other officers, went to the scene, and one of the policemen discovered another wedge. Then the detective remembered the broken chair, and no longer wondered why the wood of which it was made was familiar. As fast as he could go he went to the Soho lodging-house, and entering on the pretence of looking for a "ticket of leave" man who had not reported himself, soon found the broken bit of furniture. "Hullo," said he to the deputy, "who's been smashing up the home?" "So-and-so's been doing a little carpentering," replied the deputy, and instantly the detective knew that the gang the police were looking for were



Gimlet and wedge.

Temptation.

as good as captured. The man mentioned—he is now serving a sentence of twelve years' penal servitude—was known to be one of the smartest cracksmen in the world. At that time, as the police had not seen him for some months, it was believed he was out of the country. The officer took the

chair along with him to the police station, the four wedges which had been found were put together, and it was then seen that with the exception of one piece which was missing, they formed half a leg of the chair. The broken bit of furniture was put together, and it was discovered that half a leg

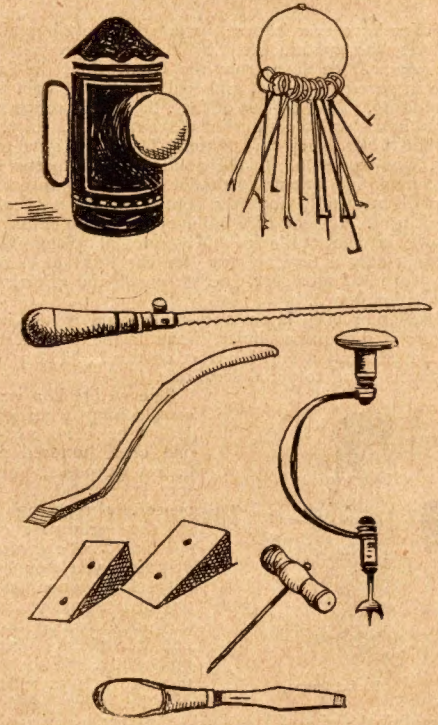
An unexpected trap.

was wanting. With this splendid clue to work upon, it was not long before the burglar named by the deputy was in custody. Some of the loot was found in his pockets when he was captured. Thinking that a member of the gang had "blown the gaff," he put the whole lot away, and penal servitude followed as a matter of course.

Last week we described how burglars entered houses, a comparatively easy matter, for, when all is said and done, householders and shopkeepers are extremely careless and frequently leave their premises at the mercy of any dishonest person who happens to come along. In Sloane Gardens, W., the other day, for instance, a thief passed along, saw an open window, peeped in, noticed a couple of very valuable candlesticks within easy reach, put his hand in, and walked away with them—in less time almost than it takes to tell of it. This, however, is a digression. Once inside the house the burglar quickly gets to work. His first precaution is to provide an easy line of retreat, and to this end he quietly unfastens either the front or back door (the latter if there is a garden leading to a lane), so that in case he is disturbed, he has only to make a rush. Sometimes, to make doubly sure, he prepares both doors so that he may make a speedy exit in the direction opposite to that from which danger threatens. As a general rule he knows, "from information received," the exact place where the plate and other valuables are kept, and he goes straight for his objective. Soon the articles worth carrying off are reposing in his clothes or bag. Sometimes, owing to their weight and bulk, a burglar fights shy of the larger pieces of plate, and having made a selection of the smaller articles, looks round for the jewellery, which in all probability he knows the value of almost as well as the owners. Perhaps to obtain the gems he has to venture upstairs. This is the most dangerous part of his mission, and of necessity he is particularly cautious. If he is lucky and secures without interruption what he went in quest of, he silently retraces his steps, collects his "tools," selects a favourable opportunity for leaving the house, and makes off with his plunder as fast as his legs will carry him to the nearest "fence." If his dealings with this person are successful, the plate and the settings of the jewellery will be in the melting pot, and the precious stones on their way to Amsterdam or some other part of the Continent, almost as soon as the police become aware of the fact that a burglary has been committed.

So far we have described only successful burglaries. As the police reports show, a great many cracksmen bungle their work so effectually as to cause them to be caught red-handed.

Several amusing instances of this description have come under the writer's notice. The accompanying illustration of a man fixed in the "fanlight" of a window, depicts an incident in the life of a really desperate and, fortunately for society, very unlucky burglar. A constable was patrolling one of the principal streets of Cardiff, the Welsh metropolis, about two o'clock one morning, and halted for a moment with his back turned to a dark entry. A shrill whistle had come down the wind to him, and he knew that the "supper relief" was approaching. At that time in Cardiff policemen on night duty in the winter were allowed to go to the station to have their meal. Watching intently for the approach of his comrade, the constable for a moment or two took no heed of a scratching noise proceeding from the entry. All at once, however, the noise impressed itself upon his mind. "Cats," he muttered, but then something peculiar about the scrambling caused him to turn and switch on the light of his lantern. He swept the floor of the court with the light, but no cat was to be seen. Then, as he half-turned to have another look for his comrade, his light flashed along the wall of a public-house, which formed one side of the entry. A pair of dangling legs met his astonished gaze. "What ho! a burglar," was his comment, and as he raised his light he saw something which set him laughing heartily. Resting on the ledge of the window was a formidable "jemmy." Up above, with his head, shoulders, and arms inside the opening made by the falling back on an iron support of the semi-circular top of the window, and with his body and legs dangling outside, was a full-blown burglar. How on earth he expected to get into the premises that way no one knows, but the fact remains, there he was, firmly fixed, unable to move either way. "Come down out of that," demanded the policeman. For all the officer knew, the burglar might have been using the most terrible language. All the policeman could hear was a mumbling sound. Again the

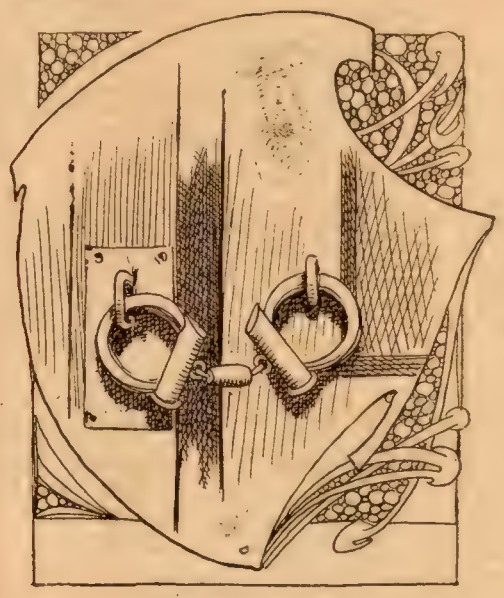


A BURGLAR'S OUTFIT.

Lantern. "Twirls." Keyhole saw. Jemmy. Brace. Wedges. Gimlet. Screwdriver.

demand to come down. The burglar's legs gave a spasmodic wriggle, but there was no movement either backwards or forwards. The policeman took hold of one leg and gave a pull. From inside the window came a yell, which blended with the hearty laugh of the man in blue rather discordantly.

Now the relief constable came on the scene, and when he had laughed at the burglar's plight, each officer took a leg, and with a long, strong pull, out came the burglar with a rush, and the trio rolled on the ground together. Cardiff policemen are remarkable for their agility. They have to deal with foreign seamen, who do not hesitate at using the knife, and require very deft handling. As a matter of fact, they are as smart a body of men as can be found. Thus it happened that before the burglar could recover his scattered wits, he found a muscular policeman kneeling on his chest and holding his arms firmly to the ground. The other officer was "running the rule" (searching him). Lucky for the policemen that they were so well trained. Out of the coat pocket of the burglar the constable pulled a fully-loaded revolver, which he at once rendered safe by removing the cartridges. It was a splendid weapon, one of Colt's masterpieces, fitted with a self-ejecting apparatus, which threw the cartridges out with one slight movement. Quickly the burglar was handcuffed and marched off to the police station. There a further search revealed a nice assortment of "tools." Hanging to a wire ring was a splendid set of "twirls" (skeleton keys), whilst a miniature brace and centre bit, a dark lantern, a fine saw, and a small but powerful wrench, showed that the burglar was determined to reach any money which might have been in the premises on which he had designs. This



New use for handcuffs.

man was committed to the Assizes, and having to wait nearly five months for his trial, was let off with the lenient sentence of six months' hard labour.

We announced above that he was unlucky. He was released from Cardiff prison on a Monday morning. At six o'clock on the following Wednesday morning he was again in the hands of the Cardiff police. The authorities in that town have a splendid system which has made burglaries there almost unknown. The ordinary night policeman in uniform are supplemented by a small but very smart force of men in plain clothes. These latter travel in pairs, and are given a roving commission over a certain district. Their principal duty is to see that all jewellers' and pawnbrokers' shops and houses where the families are away are safe, and they must visit each of these houses a certain number of times during the night. Now, the burglar can guard against the ordinary policeman. He can watch him go round his beat, and tell to the tick of the clock how long it takes him to complete it, and how long an interval elapses between his visits to a certain spot. But with the rovers he cannot make any such calculation. They parade their districts seemingly in a haphazard manner, and never visit the same place at the same time two nights running. It was two of these wide-awake men who captured our friend the unlucky burglar for the second time. The two policemen were lounging in Newport Road, one of the swagger residential quarters of the town, watching the early workmen proceed to their daily toil. It was about 5.30 on a beautiful summer's morning, and, of course, broad daylight. By-and-by along comes a man who looked dusty and travelled-stained. "Been tramping all night," said one policeman, with a jerk of his head towards the stranger. "Come from Newport, perhaps, to look for a ship," said the other. They both eyed the man as he approached, and then—the story, by the way, is strictly true—they both with one accord moved across the road to meet him. "Nice morning," remarked one of the detectives. "Splendid," said the stranger, who appeared nervous. "Come far?" said the other constable. "Chepstow," said the man. Now, if he had come from Chepstow he had done a pretty good bit of walking. Unfortunately for the burglar, the walking craze had not then been heard of, and the detectives were suspicious. At a nod from one of them, the other stepped behind the stranger and pinioned his arms to his side. The second detective felt outside the man's pockets, and his hand grasped what appeared to be a revolver. Further investigation proved that it was a "shooting-iron," loaded in every one of its six chambers. Quickly the man was handcuffed, and within ten minutes a search at the police-station brought to light a double handful of gold and a quantity of jewellery. The policemen did not know what to make of their capture. They were pleased that they had arrested the man, but glum at the thought that, after all their vigilance, a burglary had been committed in their district. By-and-by the night policemen came into the station, each one reporting "All correct." All the specially-watched places were at once examined, but no signs of a burglary having been committed were found, and for the time being the police were nonplussed. Some hours later, however, the police at Newport (twelve miles from Cardiff) 'phoned through a description of articles stolen from two shops in that town. The articles stolen were then in the hands of the Cardiff police, and the man who had purloined them was sleeping off the effects of his night's work and long tramp in one of the cells of Cardiff police-station. It was, as you will allow, an exceedingly smart capture, and the moral of the story is that it is a pity the Cardiff system is not followed in other towns. It may be added that three years' penal servitude was the burglar's reward.

And, whilst on the subject of smart policemen, an incident which occurred in the City of London may be mentioned. An officer patrolling part of Farringdon Street had fixed up a number of "marks" at various places, so that he was able to see at a glance whether the premises under his care had been tampered with. We will tell more about these marks in another article. Suffice it to say that in this instance the "tell-tale" consisted of a tiny piece of paper just inserted in the keyhole of the padlock which secured the entrance to some large business premises. On one of his rounds the officer noticed that the "mark" had vanished. As he saw no one about, and as a high wind was blowing, he at first attributed its disappearance to the gale, and continued on his beat. Two or three minutes later, however, not feeling quite satisfied, he turned back, and as he emerged into the main street he was just in time to see two men dash off as hard as they could go. Promptly he gave chase, but as he was drawing his whistle a treacherous banana skin brought him down a terrible "cropper" and put an end to the pursuit. By the time he regained his feet the men had vanished. At once the officer went to examine the building. Arriving there, he found the padlock had been wrenched off and that the door was open. It was manifestly impossible for him to stay there and guard the place all night, so, after making an examination of the premises, and finding nothing, he calmly took out his handcuffs, fastened them to the staples on the door and wall, as shown in the illustration, and so secured the place very effectively. When the occupants of the premises arrived in the morning they were greatly surprised, and had to send for a policeman before they could obtain admittance.

Next week we will tell of what happened when the policeman at three a.m. was invited to have a "Scotch-and-soda." We will describe a couple of burglars' dens, and will tell the story of the actress who found a too ardent admirer in her flat.

A couple of sailors, happening to join a crowd gathered round Whitefield, the great Dissenting preacher, just in time enough to hear him say (after he had declaimed against the sins of his audience). "And I, your pastor and teacher, shall be forced to bear witness against you at the Day of Judgment." "Hallo, Jack," cried one of them, "danged if it is not just as it is at the Old Bailey—the greatest rogue always turns King's evidence!"

THE GREAT GOLD-DUST GRAB

"Gold, gold, gold, gold!
Spurn'd by the young, and hugg'd by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mould."
—THOMAS HOOD.

TABLEAU I.—TEMPTATION.

HOW much of the misery, evil, and suffering of this world of care is due to that temptation against succumbing to which the highest authorities have taught us to resist?

Classical sages laid the same stress on strenuous avoidance of temptation. The old Greeks fabled their demi-god, the great Hercules, as meeting in his earliest manhood two beautiful women. Both were fair, but while one had a pleasing countenance, always lighted by a smile, the other, though equally handsome, had a stern, set, sad expression. Then the first was attired in bright-coloured flowing raiment, while the other wore sombre robes of black, and a sable cowl half-hid and greatly impaired her beauty.

The twain were Pleasure and Duty. Pleasure clung to the young hero's arm, looking up into his face with arch smiles, and warbling a Bacchanalian carol, while Duty gazed at him with solemn gravity, and spoke of evils and hardships to be faced.

Hercules had to make his choice between the two, and the choice was for life.

The demi-god was young, and the life-blood rioted in his mighty limbs. To turn from Pleasure, with her witching smile and her siren song, was grievous to the young hero; to have the sad-faced Duty as a life-companion was irksome enough. Yet Hercules did not hesitate. He chose Duty in preference to Pleasure, and his resistance enabled him to perform those twelve wondrous "labours" which have conferred upon him immortal fame.

Yes, there are those, high and low, great and small, who resist temptation and rise superior to it; but there are also—sad to say!—those who weakly yield and succumb to temptation and fall ignobly.

This story concerns itself with some of the latter category.

And the agent which wrought the evil was that worst of all tempters—gold! John Leyden, the poet, called it a "vile yellow slave," and the description is true. But, vile as it may be, the metal is held to be so "precious" by the mass of humanity that man will sell his honour, woman her virtue, and both sexes their very soul for it.

Our story will be a proof of this.

Before the magistrates, on March 25, 1839, Lewin Caspar (clerk), 24; Ellis Caspar (his father, watchmaker), 55; Emanuel Moses (licensed victualler, known by the sobriquet of "Money Moses"), 56; and Alice Abrahams (Moses's daughter), 33, were indicted for conspiracy and the theft of over £4,000 worth of gold dust.

The case excited very considerable sensation, especially among the Jewish element in our population, all the prisoners being Hebrews.

TABLEAU II.—CONSPIRACY.

In the small and dingy bar-parlour of the Slim Spigot, just off the Whitechapel Road, four persons sat in earnest confabulation. They were three men and one woman, all on the right side of middle age, and all the men with strongly-marked Hebraic physiognomies. They were fairly well but somewhat flashily dressed, with a considerable display of jewellery, which, while looking sufficiently attractive and showy, did not possess great intrinsic value.

Two of the party had steaming glasses of hot rum and water on the table before them, and a lad—also palpably of Israelitish strain—stood waiting for orders.

"What's yer poison, Lewin?" asked one of those already provided with a "jorum" of the younger man, who had just entered with the young woman.

"Same as yours, Ellis—pineapple?"

"And yours, ma teer Alice?"

"Ditto likewise—rum—'Kosher.'"

"Ah! bah! Have suffink more delicate, ma teer. Pineapple is far too coarse a tipple to have the honour of moistening your pretty rosebud lips."

The girl was, indeed, decidedly pretty, with the full-blown lips and the rich complexion of the daughters of Judah. Now her dark eyes flashed with an angry gleam, and she said sharply:

"Rum, Ellis—'Kosher'—and stow chaff."

"Come, Alice," said Ellis Casper, "don't spoil your pretty face by black looks. But you know you ain't a Yiddez kint" (Jewish girl), "so why pretend?"

"My father is as good a Jew as ever you can be, old man, if my mother was a Gentile. But stow all chaff. Lewin here tells me that he has something grand to put you up to—a most lovely plant."

"Any oof in the plant?" queried Ellis Caspar.

"Oceans of it!" responded Alice Abrahams. Then, turning to the little aproned waiter, "Two rums for Lewin and me, Joel. 'Kosher' at that, and don't you or Nell or Jeff listen about or come in unless we ring for you."

"Right you are, miss," responded the small boy; "the lodge is tiled, eh?"

"Rather."

The boy departed, presently returning with the drinks.

"Now to biz," said Lewin Caspar, and in a few rapidly-uttered sentences he told of a consignment of Brazilian gold dust and explained the modus operandi whereby he proposed that he and those present should possess themselves of it.

"It sounds tempting," ejaculated Emanuel Moses, "but rather risky."

"Your part in the game will not be risky, at any rate."

"Won't it, though?"

"No; my father and I take the risk, and Alice to some degree. They may suspect me, as I am in the office. They may trace my father as the carman, or Alice as borrowing the trap, but you are safe."

"I don't know. Gold dust is an unusual stuff to hawk about."

"Bah, Manuel, as if you'd offer the dust!"

"Well?"

"Not you; you're far too fly!"

"You think?"

"I know—not think—that you would have all the dust through your crucible and molten to ingots in a brace of shakes."

"Granted; but it's risky. Still, the game is worth the candle. What's the value?"

"Four thou'."

"How do you propose we cut up?"

"Two thou' for me and the other two thou' divided equally between you, my father, and Alice."

"Well, for good, cool, hard cheek, Lewin Caspar, commend me to kids like you!"

"What do you mean, Mo?"

"Why, your idea that I am to take a great risk and you pouch all the swag."

"No, no; only half."

"How about your father's and Alice's shares? He is your parent and she is your mort, and going to be your wife. The three of you would get about £3,400, and I only get a miserable £600 or thereabouts. No, I won't do it—no! no!"

"Well, I might retort that Alice is your daughter."

And, indeed, the girl had passed to the old man's side, and was earnestly persuading him to a reasonable view of things. Her blandishments appeared to have some effect, for presently he announced his adhesion to the plot.

The details were next arranged with most scrupulous care, Lewin Caspar taking the initiative. Here the youth showed unmistakably that he was possessed of organising faculty which would have carried him far in honest pursuits.

But young Caspar's case was by no means the only one in which the very excellence of a man's mental powers leads him astray from rectitude.

TABLEAU III.—METALLURGY.

The hostelry of the Slim Spigot was closed for the night. The roar of traffic in the contiguous Whitechapel Road had died down to the sound of the occasional footfall—it might be of a belated wayfarer or the watchman on his round—and Alice Abrahams, the fair young Jewish widow, was soundly sleeping in her bedroom.

Not so her father, who, as we have already said, was well known in the locality as "Money Moses." He had, it is true, wealth, but with it, as its inseparable concomitant, continual carking care. For when could he, or such as he, hold themselves safe? Did not the greedy, the poor, the starving envy him and hunger after his riches? For Emanuel Moses was wealthy, extremely rich, although no one would have judged so from his shabby garments and battered beaver.

"Money Mo" was ostensibly a licensed victualler. His business, however, in this line was neither large nor flourishing. Notwithstanding which, Emanuel Moses was very "warm." It was not the small sums which passed his mahogany or pewter bar which enriched Moses, but the "shekels" he raked in by transactions of more or less shady description. Thus, "Money Mo" was a bit of a "fence," a bit of a forger, a bit of an illicit distiller, and even a bit of a coiner.

"TWO THOUSAND DEVILS!" SHOUTED LEWIN.

But the old man was very cautious. He had secrets which none knew, not even his widowed daughter, Alice Abrahams, who kept his house and occasionally acted as barmaid at the Slim Spigot.

No; all Moses's nefarious transactions must be kept "dark" from his child, even more than from the myrmidons of the law and the world in general.

This for two reasons. In the first place, although he was an irredeemable old vagabond, the publican chose to pose among his co-religionists as "froom" (pious). He attended school (synagogue) with exemplary regularity, kept Purim, the Black Fast, and other festivals and fasts of the Jewish year most punctiliously, and he had in his service a shiksa (Christian) barmaid and a more or less heathen "chucker-out" to run the liquor show while he and Alice were at the synagogue on Sabbaths, etc. No; the old man had too much regard for his daughter to let the young widow know that he was a hypocrite and a humbug.

The second reason was that Moses did not choose to put himself in anybody's power, not even in that of his child.

As the old man, trembling with weakness and excitement, stands to-night in the gloomy cellar known but to himself, he murmurs:

"Oh, mein Gott! if Alice had been a boy! Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob all left sons—all were blest—but I——"

And the old man wrung his hands.

"Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob were froom; but so am I a pious man, and yet I have no boy."

The mutterings of the old hypocrite appeared to indicate that he deluded himself as to his own character.

"But to work!"

He stripped off the dirty dressing-gown that enveloped him, hanging it up on a peg in the wall, rolled up his shirt-sleeves, and taking a small pair of bellows from the corner, knelt before a miniature well-built furnace, and proceeded to blow it sharply.

Presently he staggered to his feet, and, mopping his perspiring brow with a gay-coloured bandanna, ejaculated brokenly:

"Holy Abraham, how weak I am! I ought to have a good strong son to do this shob for me, but a gel—what's the use of gels? If I had as many daughters as Solomon had wives they'd be no good for a bit of beesness like this. They're no good at all."

Turning again to his labours, the old man extracted a red-hot crucible from the glowing furnace, and, unluting the lid, poured a stream of molten gold into a mould beside him.

"That makes five bricks," he said. "Courage, courage, Moses, my boy; we shall soon be done."

Taking another crucible from the shelf, he filled it with gold dust from a vessel hard by, luted or cemented the lid on, and with the tongs placed it in the glowing furnace.

We need not further follow "Money Mo's" manipulation of the gold dust which the Caspars had nefariously acquired; suffice it to say that when the last brick or ingot was cast Emanuel Moses wrapped them up and placed them in a small vaulted recess in the wall, carefully closing and locking its massive iron door.

"Dass ist gut!" he murmured, rubbing his bony hands. "Ah, ha! my clever young friend Lewin! You would give me what little share you liked, eh? Because you're hanging about after my fool gel Alice, you would humbug the old man! Ah, ha! I know a trick worth two of that!"

TABLEAU IV.

The same party whom we saw in the bar-parlour of the Slim Spigot in our second tableau was again assembled in that snuggery, "Money Mo" occupying the seat of honour. It was a great occasion for the Jew publican, for he was to be the divider and the distributor of a very considerable amount of oof, which he considered a most enviable position.

"Mine friends," said Moses, after applying his lips to the glass of hot rum before him, "this cash-box"—and he tapped it—"contains your shares of the results of our commercial transaction."

"Hear! hear!" cried Ellis Caspar.

"Our shares—and yours!" interjected his brother.

"No, Lewin," said Moses; "I have already taken mine and invested it—well."

"And this box contains?" queried Lewin dubiously.

"What we agreed upon—two thousand pounds."

"Two thousand devils!" shouted Lewin, springing to his feet and striking the table with his fist so violently that the cash-box and two candlesticks jumped with the shock.

"And where's the other two thousand four hundred pounds?"

"The little matter of four hundred odd is mine for the mere mechanical manipulating and smelting the dust. Of the balance, four thousand pounds, I take half."

"I'll see you hanged first! Produce that money and divide fairly as we arranged, or I'll wring your scraggy neck, you old vulture!"

"Lewin!" cried Alice Abrahams in a tone of horror, rising to her feet.

"Don't be a fool, boy!" shouted Ellis Caspar to his son. "Do you want the barmaid and potman to listen and find out our little business?"

"I won't be swindled!" retorted Lewin.

"Sit down, my dear, and be sensible," expostulated Mrs. Abrahams. "I am sure my father will act straight."

"Certainly I will," responded "Money Mo," "and I'll take care others act straight to me. It's true that Lewin gave us the office and organised the plot, but he could have done nothing without me. He could not have disposed of the gold dust, and would have been copped if he tried. I smelted it, negotiated it—did everything."

The others saw that they were helplessly in the old man's power, and, with much grumbling, the contents of the cash-box were divided, Lewin Caspar and Alice Abrahams looking extremely dissatisfied and vindictive.

That feeling of ill-will thus smouldering in young Lewin's bosom was destined to work mischief in the near future.

Of course, the mysterious loss of so large a quantity of gold dust created a widespread sensation in English society. Eventually, through the disclosures made by one of the conspirators, the quartette were apprehended and put upon their trial at the Central Criminal Court on Midsummer Day, June 24, 1839. The prisoners were placed at the bar, the two Caspars being indicted with stealing one hundredweight of gold dust, value £4,600, the property of Messrs. James Hartley and Co., the London agents of the Dublin Steam Navigation Company, the others with feloniously receiving the same, well knowing it to have been stolen.

The first witness called was William Carne, who carried on business in Falmouth, in partnership with his brother. On the 18th March he received a consignment of gold dust from the Brazils by Her Majesty's packet, the "Sea Gull." It arrived in two boxes, marked "B. C." and numbered 18 and 19, and, according to instructions, they were carried forward by "The City of Limerick," steam vessel to the Brazilian Mining Company, at the Bank of England, London. The boxes in question, according to the manifest, were of the value already stated, and the document was forwarded to Messrs. James Hartley and Co., 16, John Street, Crutchedfriars, to whom the property was in the first instance consigned. The letter produced in court, signed "Carne and Co.," was a forgery in all its parts, as was also another letter produced.

Emanuel Moses, who was charged in the first instance as a principal in the robbery, was subsequently admitted as a witness for the Crown. He admitted that he was of the Jewish persuasion, and that he had known the elder Caspar sixteen years, and was also acquainted with his son, Lewin. He then described his meeting with the two Caspars in the preceding October. Moses described how the gold dust was appropriated and how the gold was eventually disposed of. From the old man's showing he had been the dupe and the victim throughout, and he declared solemnly that all he had received from the produce of the robbery was a single sovereign. The most astute and searching cross-examination, which with his evidence-in-chief lasted over four hours, would not shake him from his position.

Another important witness, Henry Solomons, a goldsmith and refiner, carrying on business in the Strand and in the Haymarket, who was originally joined in the charge of conspiracy, detailed the circumstances of the negotiations which were made between himself and the others for acquiring the material. It will be found, according to this man's statement, that the Jewish conscience in the matter of an oath is extremely elastic. Solomons swore that the prisoner "Money Mo," whom he had known for eight or nine years, came to his shop in the Strand and said he wanted to speak to him in private. As soon as they were alone Moses asked him if he would purchase some gold dust, and after some bargaining he agreed to take thirty ounces at the rate of £3 each. Moses then said he would send "Elsey," meaning Mrs. Abrahams, with it in the course of half-an-hour, but before leaving he said to Solomons:

"Now, you remember, you don't know me nor I you."

The gold dust was subsequently brought to the Strand establishment by Mrs. Abrahams. She called five or six

A Stream of Gold.

times with parcels of the gold dust, which Solomons immediately melted down in a crucible, and it was subsequently sold by Solomons to a firm of refiners in Hatton Garden, whilst a portion went to a firm of bullion merchants in Cheapside, the metal having been previously alloyed with some silver and Russian copper coins. Solomons had paid several sums to Mrs. Abrahams on account of the gold so melted. The last time she came she produced from her pocket the "shakings," and, with the characteristic racial instinct, she described this as a little "on her own," as it was not entered in the memorandum with the rest, and on this account the enterprising lady realised a modest sum of £13.

Solomons naturally manifested some uneasiness over the transaction, and he expressed some fear of intimidation on the subject of receiving the gold, upon which Mrs. Abrahams laid hold of his arm and swore a solemn oath in the Hebrew language to the effect that, as she hoped for futurity, she would not divulge that he had melted it. Solomons, also equally naturally, suspected that the gold dust was stolen before he purchased it. He was in great agitation, he said, when the stuff was brought to him, and he had subsequently felt great remorse and sorrow for what he had done. But he did not state whether the agitation arose from the fear of detection or whether the sorrow arose from the confiscation

of the five bars of gold which he had surrendered to the prosecutors when he was admitted to give evidence for the Crown. If on every such occasion the "refiner" was in the habit of giving vent to his remorseful emotions, that must have happened somewhat frequently, for he would frequently melt both the inner and outer cases of gold watches, as it was safer to melt them down than expose them for sale in his shop.

But it was in the evidence of James Lea, an observant officer of the police establishment, that the most interesting details are furnished of the plan of action of Caspar in securing possession of the dust.

It appears that Lewin Caspar was in the service of James Hartley and Co., whose business has already been described, earning a salary of £150 a year, which was a fairly good income for the times. Good as it was, however, Lewin conceived the notion, with which his masters did not coincide, that his energies and integrity were worth more. He asked for a rise in his stipend, but he was unequivocally informed that it would not be granted, and he was further informed that if he was not satisfied he had better "git."

Whether this understanding or misunderstanding had anything to do with influencing the fellow's mind in his subsequent actions it is impossible to tell, but it is very evident that Caspar was early "on the job," which led to an eight-days' trial at the Old Bailey.

While in Dublin on one occasion his master had occasion to write a business letter to Caspar, and this instrument was responsible for the facility afforded to the latter to carry out his scheme.

Caspar directed Henry Moss, who has already figured in our story, to bring a letter which his father (Ellis Caspar) would give him to the office of Hartley and Co., in John Street, Crutchedfriars, and he (Lewin) would give him a box which he was to take to his father, adding that he would meet him at some future time and make him a handsome recompense. By desire of the younger Caspar, who wished to see his handwriting, Moss wrote his name and address, and Lewin Caspar said it would do. Lewin Caspar then gave him the forms of two letters and told him to copy them, and he also gave him another letter, and told him to imitate the writing as close as he could.

This took place as far back as November in the preceding year, and between that time and the 24th of March, 1839, Moss had not seen the elder Caspar. He met both the Caspars next morning according to appointment. Lewin Caspar did not remain, but the father handed him a folded letter and a carpet-bag, telling him to go to Hartley and Co.'s office and deliver the letter to Lewin, who would give him something to put in the carpet bag, and he was then to meet Ellis Caspar at the Cross Keys, Wood Street, Cheapside.

Possession of the two boxes of gold dust was obtained by the connivance of the younger Caspar. These Caspar put in a cab and drove to the above hostelry, where he expected to find the elder Caspar, but he was not there. The boxes were subsequently conveyed to New Street, near the London Hospital, where the elder Casper was interviewed, and at whose suggestion the outer boxes which contained the property were burnt to destroy identity.

We have already referred to the "manifest" relating to the property. On the fly-leaf of this manifest a letter was written by the Messrs. Carne, of Falmouth, who were correspondents of Messrs. Hartley, which came into the hands of the younger Caspar.

In due course of business one of the bills of lading would be sent by post to the parties to whom the goods were signed, the other kept in the ship's box, and a manifest also forwarded by post to the owners or agents for the vessel. It was the duty of the young Caspar to see that the goods specified in the manifest were properly delivered to the parties to whom they were consigned. A letter had thus been sent by the firm of Carne and Co. to Hartley and Co. Mr. Hartley had found this document among others at his office. It was found that young Caspar had added to the letter which he had received of his employer from Dublin a forged order purporting to have been forwarded from Messrs. Carne. This was an order to Mr. Bristow, at the wharf, for the delivery of the two boxes of specie to the bearer.

The intelligent reader will now perceive the drift of the plot, which we have reduced into the smallest space out of the voluminous records dealing with the case.

On behalf of the prisoners their counsel in the first place objected to the form of the indictment against them, and further strongly contended that the characters of Moses and Solomons were such as prevented any credence being attached to their evidence.

A number of witnesses gave all the prisoners an excellent character for honesty and general good conduct.

In the end—and yet not in the end—the jury brought in Lewin Caspar guilty as an accessory before the fact, Ellis Caspar guilty both before and after the fact, Emanuel Moses and Alice Abrahams also guilty, although the latter was recommended to mercy on the ground that she had acted under the advice and influence of her father.

The scene in the court when the verdict was declared was beyond description amongst a crowd of persons chiefly of the Jewish persuasion, many of whom had been present during the whole of the trial, which, as we have said, lasted eight days.

Mr. Justice Littledale observed that the verdict delivered by the jury had disposed of some of the objections urged as to the form in which the prisoners were indicted, but the other objections raised would be submitted to the consideration of all the judges. The momentous consultation ended in the conviction being set aside, with the result that the elder Caspar, "Money Mo," and Alice Abrahams regained their liberty.

Some twelve months afterwards the case as against Lewin Caspar was reopened. As, it was held, Henry Moss, the person who by his own confession was employed to carry off the two boxes of gold dust had not been charged with the larceny, but was admitted to give evidence against his accomplices, the indictment against the prisoner was invalid, as Moss, the thief, had not been convicted.

A fresh indictment was consequently prepared against the prisoner, charging him with counselling and inciting Moss to steal the property, and, to remove the objection which had been taken in the former case, Moss was allowed to plead guilty to the larceny, and was nominally sentenced to be imprisoned for one day in Newgate, by which conviction he became a competent witness against the prisoner.

Lewin Caspar was then, after a stern address from the Bench against his action in suborning witnesses, even of his own kindred, to purjure themselves, administered a sentence of seven years' penal servitude.

An Extraordinary Fraud.

ONE of the most peculiar and daring frauds which have been perpetrated in the course of the last half-century was that which a German, named Kumf, managed to bring off in 1890. Kumf was a skilled comedian, and had attained a certain amount of reputation as an impersonator of characters.

Disguised as a woman, he went to one of the leading insurance companies and asked to be allowed to take out a policy on "her husband's" life. A proposal form was supplied and instructions given for the man to present himself for examination.

On the following morning, Kumf, in propriâ personâ, entered the office and was duly passed by the doctor as a fitting subject for insurance. On this certificate the policy of insurance was granted, and Herr Kumf returned home.

All the formalities being thus fulfilled, a report reached the insurers that Herr Kumf was seriously ill, and, feeling a little alarmed, they sent their own medical man round to see that everything was in due order. The doctor arrived, and found an individual in bed suffering from a disease which simulated typhoid fever. Accordingly, the insurance company, to whom this was reported, were perfectly satisfied. No sooner had the doctor left the house than the sick man got out of bed, dressed himself as a woman, and set off for the insurance office, where the clerks were told by the dame that Herr Kumf was very ill, but that "she" had come to pay his premium. This, coupled with the doctor's evidence, satisfied the insurers, and everything was plain sailing for Kumf.

The illness increased—at least, so the company was informed—and when the wily German had found a deaf and partially blind doctor, it was reported that Kumf was dead. The decrepit medico gave a certificate to that effect, being in reality unable to distinguish between the living and the dead, and the insurance company paid up the money to the "widow."

It was at this point that the "widow" exhibited the characteristic trait of all criminals—that of making a fatal mistake. The poor, bereaved "female" felt that "she" could not restrain herself, and accordingly went to rejoice over her husband's death at one of the most prominent local public-houses. This seemed such a suspicious proceeding, when reported to the insurance people, that they watched the "widow's" movements, and found that "she" was he, and that they had paid insurance to the corpse for his own death. Poor Kumf spent several years in prison as a reward for his ingenuity.

The Evidence of the Senses

SOME of our readers who followed the remarkable story of "Jim Crow's Double," may be interested in the following cases, where persons have been utterly unable to rely upon their own senses, both in important and trivial matters.

"Seeing is believing," or is generally believed to be such. My father and mother were once alarmed by the statement of "eye-witnesses"—schoolfellows of mine, they were, who had been looking on at a fight in which I had come off victorious, and were accompanying me from the battlefield. "He was blowing his nose, and his eye dropped out," the boys told my parents, who, however, a couple of minutes later, were not surprised when I told them that a doctor whom I had accidentally met had assured me that I should be all right in a couple of days. Meanwhile, I was to put my head under the tap, and had better send for our family doctor. What had happened was that a blow which had attracted no notice had done some subcutaneous damage half-way up the left side of the nose. When I blew my nose, half the contents of my lungs were blown under the skin of my face, until the head immediately became as big as a football. I myself had a look in the gutter for my left eye. Several of the boys declared they saw it fly out, and they had a drain trap lifted to satisfy themselves that it had not fallen through the grating. Cold water and leeches brought the left eye to the public gaze again.

I have recently had some business transactions connected with gun-cotton, which, when ignited, gives off a yellow flame. The question at issue was the visibility or invisibility of quickly-ignited gun-cotton. A man who had seen some gun-cotton ignited described the colour of the flame to be, "blue, the colour of the flame of a spirit lamp." Being assured that he ought to have said "yellow," he amended his statement, "Yes, yellow; the colour of the flame of a spirit lamp when you let a drop of water fall into the flame." There is observation for you!

The sense of hearing is not infallible. We had engaged an Italian band at the Castle, Capetown. One of the tunes that it played I thought to be "La ci darem la mano." Somebody else declared it was not that tune. A bet ensued. There would be a musical officer at lunch the next day. The A.D.C. was dining with us when the band was playing; he was to repeat the melody, or identify it for the benefit of the musical officer, in case he forgot the air himself, and had to rely on one of the parties to the bet whistling the tune. I did the whistling, and I whistled "La ci darem." The A.D.C. sagely said, "That was undoubtedly the air." The other party to the bet agreed to that statement. The musical officer declared the tune to be that of "La ci darem." And the money was paid. Thereupon another authority remarked, "I did not like to interfere. You two fellows both agreed that the tune that has just been whistled was the one that was played last night. But it was not that tune at all!" Neither was it. The tune that had been played on the previous evening was "Garibaldi's Hymn," which bears some slight resemblance, I think it must be admitted, to "La ci darem."

You cannot expect delicate palates among people who go in for afternoon tea and excessive smoking. A Jew out at the Cape told me that not one man in ten could distinguish good stuff from bad after 10 p.m., while after 11 p.m. not one in a hundred could. Twenty years ago I was crossing from America by a slow boat. The man who ought to have sat next to me had never once looked his breakfast in the face, and we had reached Queenstown. He was pining for two new-laid eggs, fresh from the shore. I went to the galley and procured two New York eggs, took them to my neighbour, and did the "confidence trick" on him. His appetite came immediately, and he never found out about the eggs.

The sense of feeling sometimes goes wrong. Iron burns when it is ten degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, just as it does when it is approaching red-heat. Men who can clean fish in the London streets in January are a class by themselves, as, too, are washerwomen, whose arms are so used to hot water that when they are bathing their children they cannot rely on dipping their own elbows into the water, but have to get somebody else to tell them whether there is any fear of scalding the babes. There are those whose touch is so delicate that they can tell with their eyes shut the thickness of a piece of yarn to half-a-hundreth of an inch. Other people seem to imagine that they are doing something by their sense of feeling. "Put your thumb in it, sir," is what the quartermaster says to the officer who is trying the bread, and to the President of the Board of Officers who are solemnly inspecting some cloth received from Pimlico. As for a butcher, he always "thumbs" any joint that he is showing off to a hesitating customer. Strictly speaking, if "thumbing" a joint conveys any information, it is the purchaser who has most need of trying it.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes stated somewhere that what lives longest in one's memory is a recollection inspired by the sense of smell. My own opinion is that in many cases evidence relying on the sense of smell is not enough to swing a cat by the tail. A friend of mine was once dining out, in uniform, and wearing a brand new pair of patent leather Wellington boots. He was simply miserable all dinner-time, for there was troubling him a horrid odour of the shoemaker's shop. Imagine his state of mind when, as he was saying "Good-night" to his hostess, she was half-scolding her daughter. "Child, I told you never to use scent, and you have disobeyed me!" The hostess thought the smell of the new boots was scent.

The gift of observation is capable of being cultivated. There are men who could identify for you a thousand horses if they saw them running loose. Other men's speciality is finding out quickly and accurately the names of horses that have arrived on the spot, and not taking too much on trust from the initials on their top sheets. But though other men might remember a grey horse, it would be unlikely that they would know a brown horse from one that the book described as a bay. Indeed, a youngster had been lent a light chestnut mare, named "Josephine," for a whole fortnight. Very soon he saw "Josephine's" owner riding a brown. All the same, he patted the horse on the neck, and said, "Hullo, 'Josephine,' old girl." On a fine day in February I met a man as I was starting for a ten mile walk. I met him again on my return, and he said, "I see you followed my advice and took your overcoat back home before you started." I had never worn the overcoat since the previous evening! Lately my brother arranged to call for me in time to catch the 11.30 train. I waited until 11.25, when I went to the station, leaving word that I should be back in ten minutes. I had only a chance of seeing the rear half of the train, so I asked the booking clerk whether he had sold a ticket for Z—— to anybody resembling me. He came outside and looked at me all over. Then he said, "I sold a ticket for Z—— to your very image. But I doubt if he can have caught the train." I returned leisurely home, but found that my brother had waited twenty minutes for me, and would be back at night. When I did see him, he said, "Just missed the guard's van by a short head." But he had taken no ticket at all! Surely I am justified in doubting that "short head" story!

A "piccaninny" was applying for a licence at Marlborough Street Police Station from Mr. Denman, who remarked, "I think I have seen that gentleman before." But it turned out that the youngster had previously been licensed at Bow Street.

"Piccaninnies," however, are as hard to identify as Chinamen or sailors. In South Africa, where they understand niggers, they have a "pass" law, to prevent mistakes. This story is known to scores of people now alive. About thirty years ago there was a gentleman of colour, a man-about-town, known as "Black Taylor." He had the same amount of education that one of the better-class coloured law students possesses. A first-rate reciter, he knew Iago's part as well as he knew that of Othello. His voice was like that of a white man, and in the dark he would possibly have been mistaken for one. What is more, there were times when he looked much less black than he did at others. To such an extent was he a chameleon, that people used to treat him as if he had been a white man. As for himself, he never seemed to doubt his own whiteness.

One afternoon he was playing a game of billiards at the

"Grapes," in Gerrard Street, Soho, and had hung up his coat and waistcoat. Inside the waistcoat pocket was a valuable gold watch, attached to a heavy gold chain. While Taylor was not looking, some of the company, for a joke, had taken his watch, and had trusted it to another gentleman of colour, Plantagenet Green, to take and pawn. The ticket was placed in Taylor's watch-pocket.

"Now, some of you folks have been playing me a trick," said Taylor, as he went to put his waistcoat on, after the game was over. "Where's my watch?"

"Never saw you with a watch and chain when you came in here," chorused the crowd.

Taylor felt in his pocket and found the pawn-ticket. "Here, some of you have been stealing my watch and pawning it."

"Nonsense!" cried everybody. "Nobody has left the room. You must have pawned it yourself, and forgotten it. How much money have you? That will soon settle it."

Taylor found nearly £10 more than he could account for. The watch was pawned. Naturally, there was the pawnbroker's name and address on the ticket. Taylor, accompanied by the whole company, went down to the pawnbroker's. "Uncle" had not been taken into the secret, or he would not have been party to the transaction.

"Here, Mister Pawnbroker, somebody has been pawning my watch," exclaimed Taylor indignantly.

The pawnbroker, in perfect good faith, shouted out, "Why you came in here yourself and pawned it half an hour ago, you ugly black blackguard."

Taylor was in a terrible rage, and when he was angry he let you know what black looks meant. Every trace of whitey brown had left his face. All this time Plantagenet Green had kept carefully away. Taylor redeemed his watch and chain, but it was years before he knew that the trick had been played upon him by the medium of Plantagenet Green.

"What? Mistake me for that black . . . !"

And again, had Taylor seen himself in the glass, he would have found that he didn't look paler than his boots.

The late Tom White was once "reading" the running of a race at Lingfield, where the horses pass the Press Stand some sixty yards before they reach the judge. "Come along, Dearie! You are all right where you are, but you are not so far in front as I should like. Trying to cut it, are you? Ride with your hands, can't you! What do you want to use your whip for? Done on the post!" The judge's verdict was that "Dearie" had won by a length and a half!

Just one story about a bad memory. A man, committed for trial for bigamy, had absconded. His bail was estreated, but he was captured and tried. His own brother was alleged by the prosecution to have witnessed the marriage register. "Is that your handwriting?" "Well, you see, my lord, it is such a long time ago." And all they could get out of the witness was that it was a long time ago. The prisoner was acquitted, and his sureties got their bail money back. This is an absolute fact in my own memory.

Again, there is a recent case of mistaken identity which cost one man seven years' penal servitude, namely that of Adolph Beck, who was mistaken for an ex-convict named John Smith, and accused of a fraud similar in every detail to that for which Smith was punished in 1877. We shall give the full history of this interesting case in an early number.

A Bashful Criminal.

THERE is a fascination about seeing one's name in print which the illiterate cannot resist, but it is rare that the criminal feels flattered by the reports of his delinquencies. The following genuine letter, which was sent to the editor of one of the large London dailies some years ago, will however, show that all those who get into trouble are not so desirous of secrecy:

"In Gaol . . ., 1888.

"MISTER EDITOR,—A piece come out in your paper about me being arrested and put in quod for stealing a dog and some chickens and gitting into a fite. The piece is all right, only you got my name spelled wrong. My name is Jim S. Barlow, and not John L. Harlow as you print it. Please correct it and oblige me with six copies of the paper to send away for which I will pay when I git out.—Your friend, "JIM S. BARLOW."

For sheer, unadulterated pride this is hard to beat.

A PROFESSIONAL THIEF.

AT the beginning of last century there was about town a certain young man of handsome appearance and good address, who lived in luxury by theft. His name was James Hardy Vaux, and he had had all kinds of good chances in life that he had thrown away. He had robbed all who had befriended him, and had been transported, worked in a road gang in Sydney, then as clerk to the magistrates at Paramatta, and now again he was back in London, "a professional thief."

Says he, in his autobiography, "I generally spent the mornings—that is, from about one to five o'clock, which are the fashionable hours for shopping, in visiting the shops of jewellers. Depending on my own address and appearance, I determined to make a circuit of the town, and not to omit a single shop; and this scheme I actually executed so fully, that I believe I did not leave ten shops untried in all London. My practice was to enter a shop, and request to look at gold seals, chains, brooches, rings, or any other small articles of value, and, while examining them and looking the shopkeeper in the face I contrived by sleight of hand, to conceal two or three, sometimes more, in the sleeve of my coat, which was purposely made wide. On some occasions I purchased a trifling article to save appearances; at other times I took a card of the shop, promising to call again, and as I generally saw the remaining goods returned to the place from whence they were taken, there was hardly a probability of my being suspected, or of the property being missed. I was never once detected in the fact, though on two or three occasions so much suspicion arose, that I was obliged to exert all my effrontery and to use very high language in order, as the cant phrase is, to "bounce" the tradesman out of it; and my fashionable appearance and affected anger at his insinuations had always the effect of convincing him that he was mistaken, and inducing him to apologise for the affront put upon me. I have even sometimes carried away the spoil, notwithstanding what had passed; and I have often gone a second and a third time to the same shop with as good success as at the first. To prevent accidents, however, I made it a rule never to enter a second shop with any stolen property about me, for as soon as I quitted the first I privately conveyed my booty to Bromley (an accomplice), who was attending my motions in the street."

At this risky work the rascal made about £10 a week, and occasionally he picked pockets at the theatres, but once having "landed" any booty, he immediately left the house to deposit it in some place of safety before renewing the attempt. By this he sometimes got one or two pounds, and once twenty; but he says, "I never failed to pay the expenses of the night, and if I gained nothing, I enjoyed at least a fund of amusement. In the meantime, the manner in which I spent my life, abstracted from the disgraceful means by which I supported myself, was perfectly regular and inoffensive. I applied myself to the perusal of instructive and amusing books, my store of which I daily increased. I occupied genteel apartments in a creditable house, the landlord of which understood me to hold a situation under Government, and every part of my conduct at home tended to confirm his opinion of my respectability."

One day, however, going to the Mermaid Tavern, at Hackney, he picked a gentleman's pocket of a snuff-box, which he handed to the landlady to keep for him; but when claiming it again he was given into custody and tried for the robbery, but, by some curious accident, acquitted. This, again, was no lesson to him. In the same ward with him, whilst awaiting trial, he met two young men who had been cast for death for stealing jewellery in the same way that he had done and he writes, "At the moment of my joyful departure from Newgate they furnished me with a list of shops and gave me full instructions and useful hints for my guidance." Whether or not these two were hanged or transported Vaux does not say, but his own fate, when next caught, was cruel enough.

Lord Thurlow's Method.

WHEN Lord Thurlow was Vice-Chancellor he had a tremendous amount of work to do, and the lawyers often wondered how he managed to get it done. One day, when at dinner, he was asked by the host, a prominent barrister, how he got through his duties as Lord Chancellor, to which he replied:

"Oh, just as a pickpocket gets through a horse-pond; he 'must' get through."

Comparison of Two Learned Lawyers.

DUNNING and Serjeant Glyn were two of the cleverest lawyers of their day. The latter took a very prominent part in Fox's Libel Bill, and was said to be the best-read lawyer in Westminster Hall. Serjeant Hill was once asked whether he thought that Dunning was as clever a lawyer as Serjeant Glyn. "No," was the reply; "everything which Dunning knows he knows accurately, but Glyn knows a great deal more."

A Tragedy in Rouge and Spangles.

THE STORY OF THE MURDER OF AN ENGLISH CLOWN BY MARCO, AN ITALIAN JUGGLER, IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

"Out—out are the lights—out all!
And, over each quivering form
The curtain, a funeral pall,
Comes down with the rush of a storm,
And the angels, all pallid and wan,
Uprising, unveiling, affirm
That the play is the tragedy, 'Man,'
And its hero the Conqueror worm."
—EDGAR ALLEN POE.

THERE is a certain romantic and Bohemian charm about the circus, a charm that has been dwelt upon and elaborated by many writers of fiction. For our part, although the atmosphere of the "ring" irresistibly suggests romance, we may not wander into the alluring domain of the story-writer, but must confine ourselves to the more restricted if *less* prosaic realm of fact. One can imagine no fitter background for a tragedy of the passion than that provided by the tents, the camp, the gas-lit caravans of a travelling circus. All here is picturesque disorder—sawdust, hoops, spangles, whips, and the various other ring properties mingled with the necessities of daily life in the oddest jumble of incongruity that human ingenuity can devise.

Truly a strange world, this whirling world of the circus, and one inhabited by the strangest animals; indeed, it is hard to determine which are the stranger—the bipeds or the quadrupeds—but, generally speaking, we think that the latter are the less harmful and the more reasonable.

A fantastic world of masks and shadows, where rose-apparelled fairies, who float on dewy wings (these latter upheld by unseen wires), quarrel over the price of fried fish and potatoes; where matadors, and men wonderful in daring, who leap through flaming rings and accomplish deeds so hazardous that the mere sight of them makes the ordinary mortal quake and shudder, do not disdain to shift tents, cook the dinner, and at times soothe a tooth-tortured baby. A strange world of masks and shadows, where the rosy hues of fancy mingle with the dun-coloured sordidness of common life; and yet beyond it all, behind the glittering lights and the painted faces, how many human hearts have ached? how many tears have been unshed for fear of moistening the rouge and chalk? how many tragedies have been enacted? It is our purpose to relate one of these tragedies, the tragedy of Howard, the clown with the inimitable wink, of Bella, the Queen of the Ring, and of Marco, the terrible Italian.

Fifty years ago Soullier's Circus was world-renowned; it travelled over the entire continent of Europe, visiting all the principal towns and cities in turn, and not disdaining in "slack" times to make a "pitch" in rural and less notorious districts.

The company engaged by Soullier was drawn from cosmopolitan sources, Arabs, Germans, Gauls, and Italians joining in brotherhood under the experienced leadership of "Soullier the Illustrious."

There was one Englishman, a clown named Howard, who was rich in the ownership of a peculiar wink, and it is with him that we are chiefly concerned.

Howard's occupation as a youth is unknown; indeed, it was rumoured that he had had none, but had been a London dandy who had gone broke on the turf, and who, finding that his sole asset in life was a wink, capable of suggesting infinite comicality, had taken to clowning as the best means to earn his bread. And this may be accepted as the truth. Howard certainly possessed many of a gentleman's attributes, and was consistently reserved as to his past career.

In the ring he cut a very humorous figure, with a face whitened over with chalk, a dab of red paint on his nose, and a false stomach, the size and circumference of which contrasted comically with the spareness of his legs and arms. Out of the ring he did not cut a humorous figure at all, but was a handsome, dissipated-looking man, with sad eyes, a contemptuous mouth, a rather prematurely old appearance, and a general air that unmistakably labelled him derelict. He did not seem to care much for anything or anybody, was convivial when in his cups, which was frequent, and depressed and melancholy when sober, which was seldom.

He was on terms of friendliness with all the company, and was usually engaged in some dissolute intrigue with one of the fairies or lady riders, who were constantly joining and leaving Soullier's, illuminating the bill with their names for a short spell, and then giving place to fresh attractions.

Howard never pretended to be in love with any of his paramours, or at all events he warned them that his love was light, and lasted but for a season, and as a rule the fairies of the ring were well pleased to sit on his knees and get drunk with him without any thought of a to-morrow.

The last of these intrigues was the one with Bella, the Queen of the Ring, and for once Howard found himself swept from the shallows of a dilettante passion into the tumultuous deeps of love and jealousy.

It was long since the clown had visited the ocean of storm and tempest; no wonder he went under.

One day it was told by Soullier to his company that he had engaged a new and glorious attraction who was to top the bill as "Bella, the Queen of the Ring."

It cannot be said that the company felt an extraordinary interest over the new discovery by Soullier. They were so used to transient attractions, to marvellous discoveries on the part of Soullier the Illustrious, who turned out to be lamentable "frosts," that the advent of Bella cannot in any way be described as an event of importance to her fellow-performers.

In due course the bills came out, and were posted all over the booths and tents and distributed in the streets of the town they were at that time visiting. The bills announced that "Bella, Queen of the Ring," would appear positively for the first time, when she would accomplish the most marvellous equestrian feats that were ever performed by mortal woman.

The company regarded the bills with unsmiling eyes.

"Got her name big enough, at all events," said the German strong woman.

"Yes, you can't miss it," assented Appolina, the Empress of the Ballet, with a yawn.

"Top the bill to-day, out of it to-morrow," remarked Le Farge, Soullier's second ring-master. "I've seen that often enough before now."

"Yes; our names flare up on the bills to-day and go out to-morrow, and nobody knows and nobody cares. The bill is pasted over and we are forgotten," said Howard, the clown, who was rather drunk, and consequently in a state of maudlin sentimentality.

His companions winked at one another; they were used to the drunken reflections and regrets of the "Noble Englishman," as they called the clown.

Later in the day Soullier summoned the entire company into the principal tent for the purpose of being introduced to "Bella, Queen of the Ring."

The manager of the circus stood in the middle of the ring, holding a slim, dark girl by the hand. Soullier was a fat, pompous man, with enormous red whiskers and a bald head, and he appeared an amusing contrast to the slight-figured Bella. She was rather short than tall, with tiny hands and a small oval face, curtained by ebony-black tresses. Her complexion was pale, but her eyes, which were fringed by the longest of lashes, were large and brilliant. From her slight shoulders fell a long red mantle or cloak that entirely enveloped her petite person in its scarlet folds.

"This is 'Bella, Queen of the Ring,'" said Soullier, laying his hand on his heart and bowing from force of habit to an imaginary audience.

Bella indulged the company with an all-comprehensive smile.

Howard, the clown, who was attired in the garb of a private citizen, and wore a dirty black stock, a tall white hat, and check pantaloons, was idly smoking a cheroot by the door of the tent. He turned listlessly to have a look at Soullier's new discovery, and just caught her smile.

He saw a flash of white teeth, the parting of two rosy lips, and the pale, delicate little face, transformed in an instant into a thing of beauty.

"What do you think of her?" whispered Appolina to De Farge.

"Not much."

"Neither do I."

"There's not much of her."

"Skin and bone."

"I can see her going in a week."

A storm of like critical and condemnatory remarks burst upon Howard's ears. He threw away his cheroot with an oath.

"I think she's a beauty," said he, and swaggered into the ring with the old strut that he had learnt when promenading Mayfair and bowing to Count D'Orsay.

Bella was going to rehearse, and Soullier was beckoning to one of the stablemen to bring forward a milk-white palfrey.

Howard leapt forward, caught hold of the animal's head, and led him up to Bella.

She thanked him with a gracious smile, and, throwing off the clinging scarlet robe that had up till now enveloped her, disclosed a shimmering "confection" of pearl and gold, cut low in the neck and high over the knees.

"I do that for a living," said he in explanation.

"Do what, my friend?"

"Wink and tumble head over heels."

"Ah, 'tis a pity; you are too noble."

They had reached the door of the little booth that had been set apart for Bella's dressing-room. She held out her hand with a shy grace to bid her new friend adieu. He took it, and, drawing her close to him, kissed her on the lips.

She sprang away with a mischievous laugh and ran into the dressing-room.

"You are a bold man!" she called to him through the door.

"Who could resist?" he replied, well pleased with the success and the promise of the adventure.

"Ah, you kiss lightly!" she cried.

"My heart was in it!"

"I wish you meant it!"

"Gad! I do mean it, Bella!"

"Really? Then I'll kiss you in return presently."

"Why not now? I think I'll come in."

"Holy mother! would you see me in a petticoat?"

PLUNGED THE DAGGER INTO HIS BREAST.

With a little laugh she sprang lightly on to the palfrey, and went careering round the ring as self-possessed as possible. She gave a wonderful performance.

Howard helped her to dismount and handed her her scarlet cloak. She took it, blushing and smiling, and flung it round her gleaming shoulders. Her face was flushed, her eyes sparkled, and her bosom heaved a little with the exertion of the performance—a singularly trying one—and Howard, as he bowed to her thanks, uttered in the most musical of voices, thought that in all his life he had never beheld so lovely a creature.

Another person agreed with him—Marco, the Italian juggler—who sat in a corner silent and solitary.

"You are the ring-master?" queried Bella of Howard.

"I? Oh, no; I am one of the clowns," he answered with a smile.

"A clown! You? You are too noble."

"Noble, eh? I can tell you I am vastly amusing."

He winked at her—that inimitable wink of his, that was ever productive of mirth.

She did not smile.

Howard began to think he was dreaming. Here was a person who stood solid and unsmiling before the most comical wink in existence. Certainly Bella was a strange creature.

"I would."

"Well, you can't, wicked man that you are!" she answered, and he heard her lock the door.

That evening a large and distinguished audience assembled to view the new sensation of whom report spoke such wonders. Bella was an unexampled success—a success such as even Soullier the Illustrious, shrewd man that he was, had never dreamt of—a success that put all previous triumphs into the shade of obscurity.

Bella came, was seen, and conquered the hearts of all present. Never had Soullier's resounded with such frantic plaudits, such huzzas and bravos, never had a performer been led back so many times by a proud and grateful manager to bow her smiling acknowledgments to the audience that positively would not be satisfied. Flowers of all sorts were showered upon the heroine of the evening, and Howard, who was tumbling about the ring in his clown's get-up, caught a flying rose that was intended for Bella, kissed it, and handed it with a profound bow to the triumphant "queen." The audience roared; was there ever so funny a clown?

Then Bella took the rose, and looking straight into the eyes of Howard, that looked out so seriously from the painted face, she kissed it in turn and handed it back to her lover. He took it and fastened it in his coat, just over his heart.

The audience roared; was there ever so funny an incident?

Marco, the Italian juggler, also witnessed the little scene, but he did not laugh; he ground his teeth and cursed Howard with all his might and main.

When the show was over, and the delighted audience had filed out to the last strains of the band, when the lamps were out and Howard had divested himself of his red wig and had washed the paint from his face, he lit a cheroot and sidled up to the door of Bella's dressing-room again.

He knocked.

"Who is that?" cried the Queen of the Ring.

"Howard, the clown, who wishes to kiss you for the rose."

"Ah! but you must keep your kisses."

"No, no; I must give them to you."

"My child, you talk foolishness; I am not dressed."

"Then I will help to dress you."

"Do you think you could?" she said with a laugh, her voice rather unsteady from the many glasses of champagne that had been poured out for her by the hands of the delighted Soullier.

"Try me and see," answered Howard.

He heard her come forward, and then the key turned and the door was unlocked. He pushed it open, and found her in a pair of stockings and a muslin shawl.

The next evening, and the next, Bella repeated her triumph in the ring, and Howard repeated his visits. He was gratified and amused with this new intrigue, the true significance of which he did not comprehend. He regarded Bella much in the same light as he had regarded the various other ladies of his intimate acquaintance—namely, as the light love of a day, who was willing to engage in amorous dalliance—to use an Elizabethan phrase—for an hour's amusement. Bella, he argued, had given herself to him as easily as the others had done; there had been no scruples, no rebuffs—all had been, so to speak, plain sailing. Therefore, Bella was but as the rest of them—a pretty, even a beautiful, little creature, with the soul of a harlot. This was not so; Bella had been unwise in sacrificing herself so readily to Howard's desires, but for all that she had not committed her act of folly out of wantonness, but, indeed, felt for her "lover" a great, soul-absorbing love. Strange? Yes, wondrous strange that this light, laughter-loving child of spangles and rouge should feel the depths of her being stirred to wild, passionate emotions of love by the fallen dandy, the disreputable clown of the inimitable wink.

But the mysteries of love are unfathomable; far be it from us to attempt the unravelling of the magic entanglements that the god weaves around the hearts of his disciples—we had almost written victims—but in the present case, when the birth and parentage of Bella are considered, we think the suddenness and the all-comprehensiveness of her passion are to some extent explained.

She was a Spaniard; her mother had been a dancer and her father a brigand of great notoriety who had taken part in all manner of wild schemes, plots, and insurrections, and who had finally died by his own hand rather than suffer the ignominy of capture by the soldiery.

From such sources as these—sources at once romantic and violent, yet in no way dissolute—it is not surprising that there should spring a being wildly passionate, inordinately selfish, immoderately jealous, and yet withal capable of suffering and sacrifice in the cause to which she had wedded her untamed heart.

Until she had met Howard Bella had been an unlighted fire; the materials were there for a fierce conflagration, and Howard furnishing the spark, the whole ignited and blazed up into love-flames that nothing but the all-extinguishing waters of death could hope to put out.

But Howard knew naught of all this; he regarded Bella, as we have said, as the light love of a day, and as such was satisfied with her. He used to sit for hours in her dressing-room, helping to drink the champagne that "kind friends in front" sent round to her, smoking his cheap cheroots, and indulging the "lady of his affections" in kisses and fond words.

Bouquets were sent to Bella by the score; she accepted them with a laugh, and invariably tore up the cards of the senders without looking at them. Howard got hold of one of these one day and read the name of a wealthy famous Austrian count.

"Why don't you see him, Bella?" he said.

"See him! Is my love mad? What should I see him for?" she answered, busily powdering her arms.

"God only knows what he'd be worth to you," answered Howard, puffing away at his cigar. "You might retire, wear your diamonds, drive your carriages, and feed pet dogs on oysters and specially-prepared entrées."

Bella dropped the powder-puff. She walked up to Howard, her face livid beneath the rouge and her eyes blazing with fury.

"You mean this? You"—she hissed—"my lover, tells me to sell myself! My God, why don't I kill you!"

She tore the card into atoms and flung it into Howard's face. He saw he had made a mistake, and, quick-witted fellow that he was, hastened to rectify it. He caught Bella up into his arms, vowed that nothing but jealousy could have prompted him to such remarks; it was only the fear that he, poor, positionless lover that he was, would lose the desire of his heart that made him utter such sentiments. Bella hid

Held out her hand

her face on his shoulder and burst into tears, gladly allowing herself to be soothed by the smooth words and endearments of her lover.

When Howard went to dress for the show that night he was conscious that Bella's love for him was greater and nobler than the affections that had been squandered upon him by her predecessors.

"Gad! the girl's in love with me!" he said, as he dabbed some carmine on his nose. "Anyway, I hope it won't prove embarrassing, for I've long lost the heart for a grand passion."

He remembered in his youth at Oxford how desperately in love he had fallen with Laetitia Burton, a young lady of family and beauty, who had long since married.

"I wonder if she'd recognise her old flame?" he reflected, and took a look at his painted face in a little slip of looking-glass. "No, thank God, she never could. I'm dead, dead, dead as ever poor old Charley Betts was when I shot him at Marseilles!"

A bell rang, and Howard ran out and tumbled into the ring; a brother clown knocked him over and he sat down in

the sawdust and winked—straight at Laetitia, sitting in a crimson-curtained box, with a young child by her side!

He recognised her in a moment—the woman whom he had not seen for fourteen years—the woman whom he had loved in his youth—the woman who was now married and sat with her child, looking down at the ghost of her first high-born, proud, and all-hopeful young lover, sitting in the sawdust with a red nose and a whitened face, winking to divert the groundlings!

The house seemed to swim round him, the lights danced, and the pleasure-flushed faces of the sightseers grew shadowy and indistinct. The ring-master was talking to him, but his voice sounded far away, and he could not catch the words, and all the time the face—the calm, slightly-smiling face—of Laetitia looked down upon his abasement, his unspeakable degradation, without knowing that the clown before her was anything more than a common tumbler, who was pretending to faint for the audience's amusement.

But the ring-master knew better, and with the help of the assistant comic man dragged Howard outside, where restoratives were applied by fond but foolish friends in the shape of mixed drinks.

Bella was kneeling by his side when he began to regain his wits, forcing champagne down his throat and breathing words of love and pity into his ear. The touch of her was distasteful to him; her face was rouged, her bare shoulders were prominent, and he thought she looked tawdry in her pink tights and spangles; he longed for another look at the calm, sweet lady in the crimson box, who brought back to him, as if by magic, the purity of his boyish hopes and affections, the cloistral air of Oxford, the high-souled aspirations of his long-departed youth. He staggered to his feet with a wild laugh, and shook himself free from Bella's supporting hands.

"Houp la! houp la!" he cried. "Let's into the ring and make merry!"

He broke from the astonished group, tumbled once more into the ring, crawled through the legs of the ring-master, and sent the house into a fit of laughter over his antics with a tame mule.

"The Englishman is great to-night," said Soullier to a friend; "it is always wise to get him drunk."

Then came Bella's act, and Howard noticed that Laetitia, behind whom now stood a young man, applauded with the best of them, after which she left the box.

The next day the circus moved, and Howard had no opportunity, were he so mindful, of again seeing the once-loved face that had conjured into being all the best and brightest thoughts of his youth. Three months afterwards the circus was in Constantinople, making huge profits out of public holidays and a carnival.

A large cosmopolitan crowd jostled shoulders nightly in the circus, and amongst them, on one fateful occasion, Howard saw Laetitia again, seated in a box with her little girl companion. The boxes were low down, next to the ring, and the particular one in which Laetitia was seated adjoined the open space through which the performers passed in and out of the ring.

The conversation in the box, if conducted in any tone above a whisper, could be distinctly heard by those performers who were waiting in the "wing" for their "turn." Howard, who was not quite sober, leant up against the thin wooden partition of the box and listened to Laetitia chatting away gaily enough to her daughter. What memories were awakened in his breast by that voice? What thoughts thronged his mind? What poignant emotions and regrets stabbed his heart? He got through his business as quickly as possible, and then rushed to his dressing-room, changed his clothes, and wiped the paint from his face. Then he walked back to the ring, scribbled his name on a card, and told an attendant to take it up to the lady in the last left-hand box.

Why he did this he did not know; perhaps curiosity prompted him, perhaps champagne. The attendant gave the card to Laetitia, and noticed that she changed colour on reading the name, and that she told him to admit the gentleman in a voice that hardly rose above a quavering whisper.

Howard walked into the box.

"Merciful heavens! is it you?" cried Laetitia.

"Ay, Letty. You never thought, I suppose, to see me again?"

"No, Henry; I thought you were long since dead."

He took a chair and seated himself by her side, with something of the ease and the "grand air" that he had cultivated in his youth.

The attendant, who had been listening at the door, ran off, and, meeting Marco, the juggler, told him that the English clown was on intimate terms with a fine lady, and was closeted with her in a box.

Marco, the Italian, sidled up to the partition and listened to the conversation that was proceeding within.

A gleam of triumph illumined his swarthy features. At last he would be even with the cursed Howard; at last he would show Bella how worthless was her lover.

Bella had finished her turn and had retired after the usual storm of applause and congratulations. She was walking towards her dressing-room, when Marco rushed up and seized her by the wrist.

The man had for long pestered her with his attentions, and she thought this was but another of his importunities. She released herself from his grasp with an exclamation of disgust. The man stood obstinately in her path.

"Listen," he cried with a sneer, "to your lover and his fine lady friend!" and seizing her again, he dragged her to the outside of the box and pressed her against the partition.

"Listen! listen! listen!" he hissed.

"My God! it's Howard!" cried Bella.

"Listen! listen!" screamed Marco in a whisper. "You will hear fine things!"

Bella, pale almost to deathliness, pressed her ear against the thin woodwork. She heard Howard speaking with the most intense emotion of his early love, and she heard Laetitia soothing him with tear-choked words of kindness and pity.

She heard enough to convince her that Howard never had been and never could be hers. He belonged with all the best of him—his better self, that Bella had never known—to the beautiful English lady.

She felt that she had been played with and deluded, had been, in fact, the mere sport of the man's passing passion, and for this she had given her soul!

"Marco," she whispered, "will you do me a service?"

"Anything, beautiful one."

"You swear that before God?"

"I swear it!"

"*Kill him!*"

Marco reeled back, turned pale, and then bowed.

"It shall be done," said he.

Bella listened yet, and heard Laetitia praying of Howard to abandon his present degrading calling, offering pecuniary assistance and imploring of him to hope. Then she heard him answer:

"No, it is useless; I am lost beyond all assistance, beyond all hope. All the best of me is dead—you have that. I am only a fit companion now for such—for such—as that girl you saw riding just now."

Bella heard no more.

"I must see you kill him, Marco," she said.

Howard staggered out of the box, left the circus, and went out into the fairy lamp-lit streets of carnival-celebrating Constantinople.

The thoroughfares were thronged with excited cosmopolitan groups, attired in the strangest disguises, with their faces masked, many of them singing and playing musical instruments. The moon lent a weird light to the fantastic scene—the ancient Turkish city, the shadows, the fairy-coloured lights, the music, the laughter, and the grotesques.

Howard stumbled into a café and drank for some time.

Bella and Marco, masked and cloaked, awaited him outside.

Presently the door swung open, and the drunken clown reeled into the fête-haunted street. He saw two maskers in front of him. They came closer, and then the man sprang at him and he saw something bright flash before his eyes.

Marco plunged the dagger deep into his breast, pulled it out with a dexterous wrench, and plunged it in again, this time through the heart.

There had been one despairing cry at the first blow, and a crowd of masked merrymakers rushed to the spot. The laughter died, the music ceased, and exclamations of horror and dismay mingled on all sides. A Turkish soldier caught sight of the flying Marco, and in an instant started in pursuit, joined by a howling band of incongruously-attired maskers. Marco was seized, thrown into gaol, and in due course paid the penalty for his crime.

All this took place on the night of February 28, 1881; on the 3rd of March a woman's body was fished out of the Bosphorous, clad in spangles and silk fleshings and a long scarlet cloak, that was attached to her neck by a little golden chain. The rouge had been washed from her cheeks.

Soullier identified her as the erstwhile "Queen of the Ring."

So ends this tragedy of rouge and spangles. It is a sad picture; let us cover over the bleeding hearts and hide the tear-wet faces with the masks that always wear a graven smile.

"Fetching the Farm."

THE PESTS OF THE PRISON DOCTOR.

SUICIDE in our English prisons is comparatively rare—as a matter of fact, we compare very favourably with the penal statistics of every other European country—but attempted suicide is far from uncommon. This sounds strange; however, anybody who has a knowledge of convicts will assure you that attempted suicide is gaols and convict stations is common, and at the same time the attempt is never intended to cause death.

The reason of this is as follows:—The ambition of every convict who knows his way about the prison, and who has the least idea of prison life, is to "fetch the farm." In plain English this means to get certified as a proper inmate for the infirmary, which place is looked upon by prisoners as a veritable paradise. It is to get into this haven of rest and "Gaol Gattis" that the wretched convicts frequently risk their lives. In the world of every-day life no sane man would envy the consumptive, but once within the walls of one of our convict prisons the poor creatures, whose days are practically numbered, become an object of envy to all his healthier colleagues. They know that he will be sent to the infirmary and that his lot will be easier than theirs.

This peculiar trait in the criminal's character is due to the fact that he is, generally, a purely animal creature, and regards whatever gratifies his tastes as the one thing desirable. It never occurs to him that the greater portion of those who have to be relegated to the sick bay leave there either for the cemetery or to drag out a miserable existence as confirmed invalids.

Now, how do criminals attempt to "fetch the farm"? Well, the means employed are almost as various as those which lead their authors into the gaol. One of the first dodges which the criminal who wishes to malinger tries on the doctor is the old epileptic trick. A little soap, a certain amount of self-control, and a small knowledge of acting suffice for this. The prison medico, however, has had a large amount of experience in sham fits, and is not likely to be imposed upon, so the would-be candidate for the infirmary—the prisoner who is desirous of exchanging his brown loaf for white bread and his skilly for chicken—has to resort to bolder measures.

One of the favourite dodges which the convicts pursue is to scratch a wound in their legs and then irritate it with brick-dust, dirt, lime, oakum-dust, or any other foreign substance which they may be able to obtain until a really bad ulcer results. Of course, the doctor is then bound, in the interests of humanity, to order the sufferer to the hospital, but for all that the surgeon knows well that he is only granting the favour which the culprit has so piteously petitioned for.

Another trick which those who desire to be included in the infirmary roll resort to is to swallow the needles supplied for sewing mail-bags or artillery nose-bags, hoping that thereby the prospective invalids will develop symptoms which will be sufficient to ensure their admission to the "farm." Several have succumbed to peritonitis set up by this method of inducing illness.

Would-be suicides are very common in prisons where the doctor is rather soft-hearted. The convict who wishes to be placed in the infirmary, or to be reported upon as not quite sane, waits till the warder on duty is on his rounds and not too far off his cell. He then makes an attempt at hanging himself, timing the moment when he kicks away the stool on which he stands, so that the officer shall find him before he really has suffered any pain. The terrified warder cuts down the "wretched victim," sends for the doctor and the governor, and the "revived man" lies exhausted on the floor, apparently semi-conscious.

As a matter of course he is taken off to the infirmary as soon as the doctor has seen him, is fed well, and gradually brought back to life. But had the doctor heard the remark of "Hullo, Jack! You brought that off this time!" with which the invalid was greeted on his entrance into the haven of repose he would have realised that his knowledge of the malingerer required considerable extension.

Side by side with the convicts who desire to get into the infirmary solely to obtain the comforts which are to be found there we find the obstinate criminal who wishes to be thought infirm so that he may be excused from work. Of this nature is the man reported by Captain Harris in 1863. This interesting criminal, unfortunately, had a slight fall, but as the result thereof he declared that he had contracted paralysis of his limbs. For more than three years the rascal avowed that he was unable to walk a step, and had to be carried into the exercising ground. At the end of that time he was tired of his rôle, and, throwing his crutches away, he coolly informed his warder that he might have them for his own use. This particular form of shamming is not done for the purpose of being received into the infirmary, but rather to worry the officers and escape labour.

But, ingenious as are the ruses employed for "fetching the farm," they are nothing compared with those which candidates for Broadmoor make use of. One criminal went so far as to sew up his lips and eyelids so that he might be considered insane and sent to the criminal asylum, where the inmates are treated as patients, and regaled with every luxury which they fancy.

In the hopes of getting to this El Dorado another convict refused to dress, and walked round and round his cell on his hands and knees till his skin was worn through and the flesh was bleeding. Still the doctor was stubborn, and declared that the man was shamming. The governor of the prison remonstrated, but the medico was firm. "The fellow is shamming; I will test him," said the man of drugs. The governor was incredulous, but in medical matters he had to give in to the skilled officer. A couple of days passed, and the doctor paid no attention to the wounds on the convict's knees and hands till he saw that the man was really suffering agonies; then, after examining the "lunatic" with the governor, he casually remarked, "What a pity the poor man is mad. I cannot send him away, and I might send him to the infirmary if he were not a lunatic." Immediately a voice was heard from the cell: "I'm not mad, doctor! Send me to the infirmary, please!" For some time the medical man prided himself on having beaten a malingerer, but one unfortunate day he learnt that the infirmary was what the "mad" convict was trying for.

It sounds like romancing to say that convicts deliberately risk their lives in the hopes of getting into the hospital for a short while, but it is true none the less. Only a few years ago at the great convict station at Dartmoor a man persistently kept an open ulcer in his leg active by stirring it up with a short piece of copper wire which he had concealed. In the end it was found necessary to amputate the poor fellow's leg, but not until he had confessed how the mysterious illness had been caused. At the same prison another convict who enjoyed the life in the infirmary and who had been sent there for a wound in the ankle managed to fare on good soup and chicken for many months by the simple expedient of pressing two needles, which he had secreted, into his wound every night to arrest healing.

Almost every convict at some time or other makes an attempt to "fetch the farm," and though they may fail nine times out of ten, they get there eventually. This is due, perhaps, to the fact that the doctors who have the regulation of the admissions to the "promised land of the gaol" have also humane instincts, and have a very sound idea when any particular prisoner has suffered enough suspense, and when a short spell in the sick bay would be the best thing for him, even if the excuse on which he wishes to go on the list is a false one. The prison doctor is much blamed, but he is one of the most useful and wily of public servants, and by his tact he saves many, many pounds a year to the tax-payer.

Howell on Law and Lawyers.

IN 1655, Howell wrote: "Law is not only a pick-purse, but a purgatory. You know the saying they have in France. Translated it means: The poor clients are the birds, Westminster Hall the field, the judge the net, the lawyers the rats, the attorneys the mice of the Commonwealth. I believe the saying was spoken by an angry client. For my part, I like his resolution who said he would never use lawyer nor physician but upon urgent necessity."

Criminal Problems

HOW TO PREVENT CRIME—COUNTERACT HEREDITY.

NEXT comes the baleful influence of heredity, that mysterious factor in the lives of everybody, but notably so in the lives of the children of the criminal classes. There cannot be the slightest doubt that some children are born into this world with an almost irresistible tendency to crime, the result of the natures of their forebears, and it is equally certain that unless this can be checked the child will, sooner or later, become an habitual criminal, a continual source of expense and trouble to the country. It is, therefore, for the good of the ratepayer, no less than for the individual, that this hereditary bent towards wrong-doing should be recognised early and measures taken to counteract its effects.

It is a question much debated among scientists and psychologists whether this hereditary crime instinct should be regarded as an incurable form of insanity or not; the best authorities, however, incline to the belief that it is really a mental deficiency, not amounting to insanity, and is curable if taken in time. When the full bent is permitted to develop, then we have the habitual, irresponsible criminal, the semi-human vagabond, who is a menace to society. For him there is but one place, the penal gaol, where he should be confined perpetually. It sounds cruel, but, inasmuch as he invariably is returned to prison within a few days of the time he leaves it, he is merely putting the country to extra expense for his various trials. Dealing with the child of criminal parents, there is some hope of complete reformation.

Where it is probable that a child will develop the definite criminal instinct as a result of his parentage, the State should be empowered to take over the custody of that child with a view to straightening out the kinks in his mental balance. In this process only kindness is likely to be of any use, harshness always leading to failure.

The schools into which potential juvenile criminals of this class are placed should be more moral hospitals than schools, and should be under the charge of the most experienced men and women. The subjects should be very carefully watched for the first indication of the peculiar line which their taint is likely to inspire in them, and every effort made to counteract this influence.

Should theft be the inclination of the child, then there should be no reason to lead it to commit petty pilfering. A liberal diet will remove the desire for stealing scraps of food, while healthy employment and a sufficiency of games which will occupy the mind will tend to suppress the criminal instinct.

To this end the formation of Boys' Brigades and of Cadet Corps, where the lads are taught to respect themselves for the honour of their corps, and where the discipline to which they submit themselves is purely a voluntary act, are of the greatest assistance, and much good has been done in the past few years by this movement. Anything which has the effect of raising a child's self-respect is a powerful factor in combating the hereditary taint with which they were born.

It is deeply to be regretted that no organisations exist in England for the banding together of girls of the lower classes, save Sunday-school and similar institutions, which experience has proved to be of little permanent value. Anything of the "school" nature is regarded as irksome and savouring of childhood. It should be remembered that every youth and maid wishes to be considered as grown-up and treated accordingly, and it is largely to the recognition of this fact that the Boys' Brigade owes its great success.

Hereditary stain manifests itself more often in a strong tendency towards vice, and this is the most difficult form to combat. Continual companionship with elder and trustworthy children, coupled with supervision by a teacher or master, who is really more of a personal friend than a superior, will help in checking the growth of this trait, but it is really almost impossible to eradicate it entirely.

Hand in hand with these precautionary measures must go sound religious training, based more on the lines of present and future good than adhering strictly to the creeds of any sect. If the children learn to respect religion for its own sake they will have made a great step towards total reclamation. We do not advocate that these poor little ones, who have been born with more than their share of original sin, should be kept singing hymns all day, but they should be taught to regard their religious exercises as a pleasure and a privilege, permitted them at certain intervals, if well behaved. Under no circumstances should religion be permitted to be used as a punishment, for, if that is done, the whole of its influence will be lost.

On the completion of a period of training in school, the suspected "hereditary criminals" should be found some good employment by which they can earn an honest livelihood, and it would be well if those who have had the charge of them during their early life in the training establishment could keep in touch with their former wards. If the teachers have done their duty properly there is little doubt that affection will play a strong part in keeping the saved characters from wrong and will lead them to apply to their old guardians when needing advice.

Though these are the lines on which this devil of heredity must be fought, we must not be too sanguine at first; many generations are necessary before the "soul stain" can be totally eradicated.

Leaves from Our Notebook.

The Death Warrant and the King.

IT is popularly supposed that the sovereign himself signs the order for the execution of a condemned criminal. This is not so. Till the close of the reign of George IV. the Recorder presented himself before the Privy Council, the monarch presiding, with a list of all those doomed to die. Whatever could be said in favour of the culprits was said, and orders for the execution of the worst prepared by the Home Secretary, who forwarded them to the Recorder for signature. In special cases —notably those of military offenders—the King personally signed the document authorising the infliction of the capital sentence. Since the accession of Queen Victoria even this has been done away with, and at present the Home Secretary alone affixes his sign manual to the "death warrant."

Suicide by Starvation.

AN extraordinary case of suicide terminated the life of Sarah Jacobs, better known as "The Welsh Fasting Girl," in December, 1869. When eleven years of age Sarah took to her bed and refused to eat. She lay, dressed in bridal clothes, on her couch, and was visited by thousands who believed her to be endowed with miraculous powers. Then her parents thought fit to exhibit her publicly, taking her to various towns throughout the country. It was stated by the parents that Sarah never eat, and only had her lips moistened with water once a fortnight. After a couple of years had gone by, doubt was cast by some of the public on the genuineness of the fast, especially as the child seemed plump and well-nourished, so a committee was appointed to watch Jacobs night and day, with the result that rather than reveal the imposture she permitted herself to starve to death. As the parents must have known that their daughter was killing herself, they were indicted for manslaughter, and sentenced to imprisonment, the father for twelve, and the mother for six months.

Answers to Correspondents

The Editor will be pleased to answer any suitable questions.

ALPHA.—Yes. You can do so.

SQUIT.—You risk compounding a felony.

CANNOT.—Just the same. Neither can we.

ABE.—The article was written by a well-known authority.

ROUGH.—Neither a doctor nor a clergyman can be forced to serve on a jury other than a coroner's jury.

WEARY.—You will be much more tired if you attempt to find mistakes in this paper. Thomas Gray was hanged in 1877.

ENQUIRER.—We could tell you of a poison which cannot be detected, but we certainly will not do so. A knowledge of the rarer poisons is a dangerous weapon in the hands of the unscrupulous, and while we do not doubt that you are actuated solely by a thirst for scientific learning, we prefer that you should apply to the University Professors for instruction.

BLUSHING.

Absolutely cured in few days by a harmless and certain method. To prove this "try before you buy," sending two penny stamps to cover postage, &c., of a free sample. Cure registered by Government.—C. TAYLOR & Co., 149, Fleet Street, London.

THE BUST.

I will send absolutely **free** to all who enclose two penny stamps to cover postage, &c., with testimonials and medical certificate, a sample of the most wonderful preparation ever discovered for the natural development of the bust, and by the use of which may be regained a perfect figure, full and lovely. Absolutely harmless, never fails, permanent in its effect. Address in confidence, MRS. H. NEVILLE, 9, Newington Causeway, London, S.E.

Hargreaves' Reducing Wafers will in a few weeks permanently cure either sex who are

Too FAT without change in diet or other inconvenience. They are small, agreeable, harmless, and never fail to quickly remove all superfluous flesh, improving the health and figure. Especially successful in all cases of abdominal obesity and shortness of breath. Sent privately, post free, with full particulars and testimonials, price 1/1½ per box, by MR. F. HARGREAVES, 324, Coldharbour Lane, Brixton, London, N.W.

This cure is registered by Government.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS.—NO CURE, NO PAY. I have permanently destroyed them on myself and hundreds of others. Please send stamped addressed envelope with particulars of your case, and I will send free a full letter of advice; an entirely new method, harmless and painless. Address in confidence, MRS. BEECH, 8, St. George's Circus, London, S.W.

THE COMPLEXION.—A lovely clearness, tone and colour is guaranteed to every lady. Unsightly Blotches, Blackheads, Pimples, Black Specks, Sallowness, &c., disappear in two days like magic, and the lovely clearness of the skin will astonish you. Full particulars sent free for stamped envelope. Send, in confidence, to MRS. W. H. MOORE, 1, Borough Road, London, S.E.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS.—How many ladies with a strong growth of hair upon some prominent part of her features has not cried out from the depths and bitterness of despair, "Is there no relief for this vile intrusion? Must I live on and on and each day develop more and more into a human monstrosity! Must this deformity become still more unsightly, this burden more oppressive?" The answer heretofore given to this appeal has been far from satisfactory, yet we must all admit that we live in an age of new and wonderful inventions, and one of these I claim. To prove this, send in confidence, a stamped addressed envelope, and I will tell you what it is.—Address, MRS. NEVILLE, 9, Newington Causeway, London.

RHEUMATISM & GOUT

Speedy Relief and CURE.

NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL.

It has always proved to be a successful remedy in the most obstinate cases, it is a safe medicine, absolutely harmless, and never been known to fail.

Those who have tried this wonderful remedy are always grateful, it is a **POOR MAN'S MEDICINE**, causes no inconvenience, and fits the poorest man's pocket. Sent post free to any address in the kingdom on receipt of P.O. for 1/1½. **J. SAVORY & Co.**, Sole Proprietors, **12, Wine Office Court, London, E.C.**

Correspondence Invited.

For Advertising Spaces

IN

FAMOUS CRIMES,

SHUREY'S ILLUSTRATED,

SKETCHY BITS,

Or any of our Publications,

Apply to FREDK. SIMMS, 11, Gough Square, Fleet Street, E.C. Scale of Advertisement Rates and Copies of Publications on application.

DRUNKENNESS.

Cured permanently by a harmless home treatment; without knowledge of patient. Full particulars for stamped addressed envelope.—MRS. NEVILLE, 9, Newington Causeway, London.

BLUSHING.

This miserable habit permanently cured in a few days. For either sex. Particulars of this strictly private, confidential, harmless, and inexpensive remedy sent for stamped addressed envelope by MRS. MOORE, 1, Borough Road, London.

TOO FAT.

Most successful remedy, for either sex, harmless and pleasant. Especially useful for all excess of fat upon the waist, hips and abdomen. Before spending any money send two stamps for a free sample and so see if this remedy suits your case.—MRS. NEVILLE, 9, Newington Causeway, London.

If you want to be

BEAUTIFUL

BUY

Smart Novels

The weekly articles (written by an expert) tell how to improve your health, your complexion, your eyebrows, your hair, your figure.

ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

Thirty-Guinea Piano FREE.

See this Week's Issue of . . .	**DAINTY NOVELS**	Every Wednesday, One Penny.
See this Week's Issue of . . .	**SMART NOVELS**	Every Monday, One Penny.
See this Week's Issue of . . .	**SMART NOVELS**	Every Monday, One Penny.
See this Week's Issue of . . .	**DAINTY NOVELS**	Every Wednesday, One Penny.

Of all Newsagents and Railway Bookstalls.

DESCRIPTION OF PIANO.—Walnut, Rosewood, or Ebonised Case; Full Compass, Iron Frame, Full Trichord, Check Repeating Action, and all modern improvements; Height, 4 ft. 2 in.; Width, 4 ft. 7 in. Handsome in appearance, and of great durability. Tone, rich, full, and resonant; Touch, most delicate and elastic. GUARANTEED FOR 25 YEARS.

The Piano is by the well-known firm, CRANE & SONS, LIMITED, and can be seen at their various branches: London, 149, Oxford Street, W.; Glasgow, 82 and 84, New City Road; Dublin, 40, Upper Sackville Street; Manchester, 308 and 310, Deansgate; Birmingham, Corporation Street; Belfast, 40, High Street; Bolton, 156, Deansgate; Wigan, Library Street; St. Helens, 7, Church Street; Wrexham, Crane's Buildings, Regent Street; Seacombe, 48, Brighton Street, etc., etc.

Printed and Published by HAROLD FURNISS, at Caxton House, Gough Square, Fleet Street, London.

Sole Agents for the Colonies—GORDON & GOTCH, London; Melbourne; Sydney; Brisbane; Perth, W.A.; Wellington, N.Z.; Christchurch, N.Z.; Cape Town & Durban, S.A.